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AUGUST 1985

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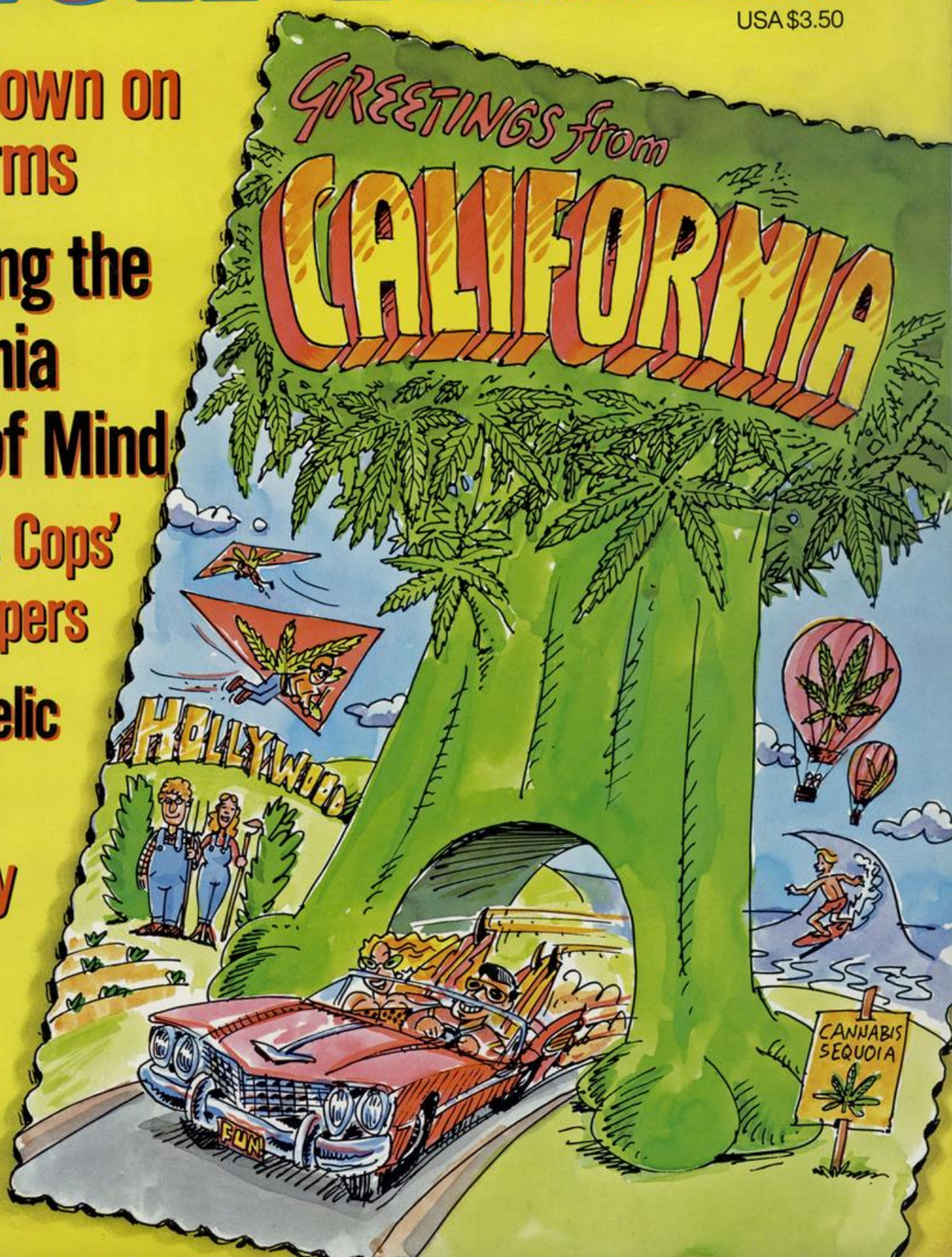
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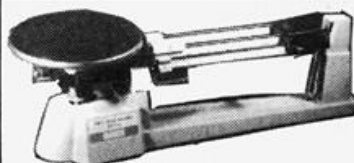
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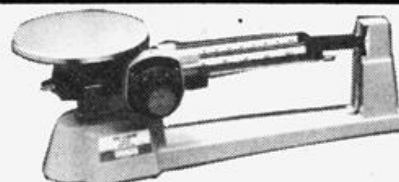
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Editor's Note

The news last month spelled out in unusually stark detail the crazy-quilt mess which the current laws on drugs have created. Attorney General Edwin Meese, the nation's top legal "authority," revealed just how fouled up things really are when he went on record as saying that lawyers are obliged to see that constitutional freedoms are not used as a "screen" to protect "the evil of drugs." In a speech to the Judge Advocates Association, Meese stopped short of saying that those accused of narcotics violations don't deserve any representation—but he *did* warn that "there are no bystanders, not even the lawyers," in the war on drugs.

Coupled with the ominous implications of the Federal Crime Control Act, which would allow the government to seize lawyers' fees, it's clear that the government is trying to intimidate not only those who are merely accused (and presumed innocent until proven guilty), but also those members of the legal profession who often provide the only guarantees of constitutional freedoms and due process to defendants who are otherwise at the mercy of a biased judicial system.

The Attorney General's prejudicial priorities were further revealed in a double-standard decision in which E.F. Hutton executives who participated in a scheme that bilked banks of up to \$8 million were *not prosecuted*, although some 2,000 *felony* counts were charged (the company pled guilty and paid fines)—a decision which couldn't *possibly* have been influenced in any way by the fact that Hutton's president, Scott Pierce, is the brother of Barbara Pierce Bush, wife of Vice President Bush.

At the same time, a more typical "criminal," one Karen E. Hill, was prosecuted by a U.S. attorney in the District of Columbia for steal-

ing four sweaters worth about \$200. Convicted, she was jailed for 30 days. Karen Hill has no relatives in positions of power, and has a "criminal" record—she was once convicted on a marijuana charge and also arrested and charged in the '70s with soliciting for prostitution. Why her low-level shoplifting should earn a jail term when dozens of clever, paper-shifting Hutton "criminals" go free (it was the company that was fined, not the individuals) after literally robbing banks of millions is a serious question for any country that calls itself a democracy, one which claims that all citizens are equal under the law. Why Karen Hill's previous "crimes"—marijuana smoking, prostitution—are even considered crimes is yet another mystery. Maybe the whole situation is further explained by Hutton's agreement to pay, besides the criminal fines, the \$750,000 used by the government in its investigation. There is no record that Karen Hill offered to pay, or could pay, or was even offered the opportunity to pay the government its no doubt massive costs involved in investigating her "crimes."

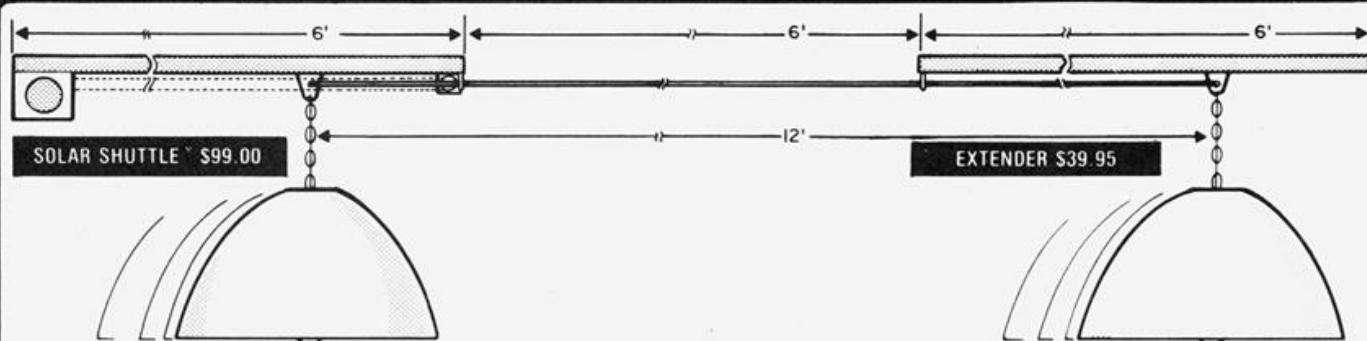
The climate of fear created by such selective law enforcement cannot be underestimated. The history of modern times shows all too well that the tendency of governments is to take care of their own, to promote and punish to enhance governmental power and prestige. That's *not* the spirit in which the founding principles of America were laid down, and that's *not* the direction in which any right-thinking American wants this country to go.

It's time to declare a war on law abuse.

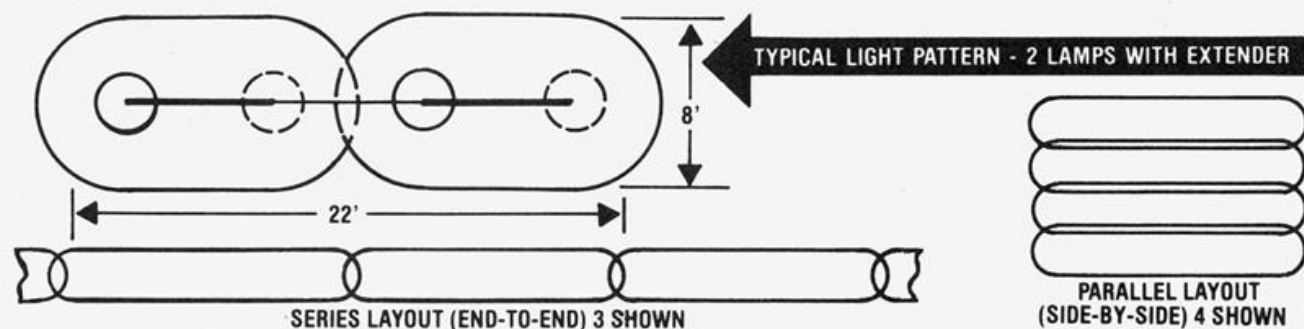
From on high,
John Howell
Editor-in-chief

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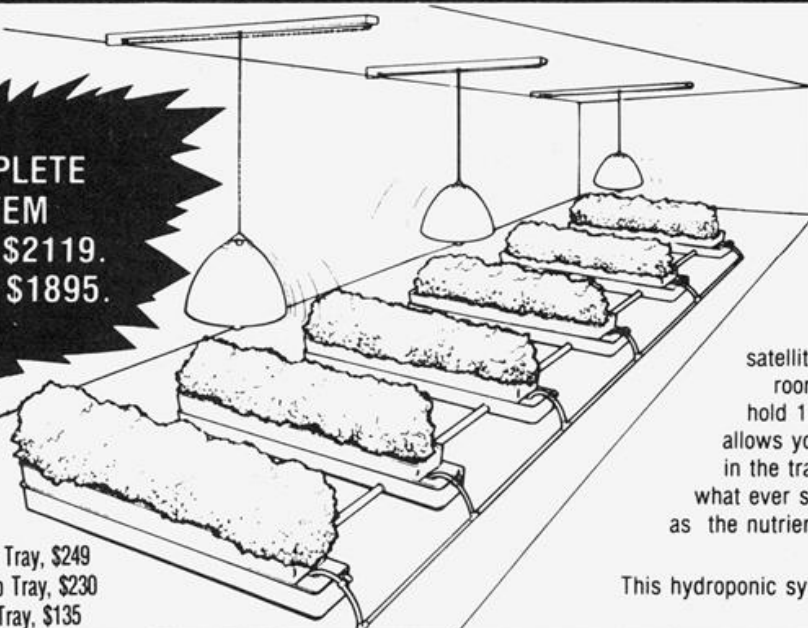


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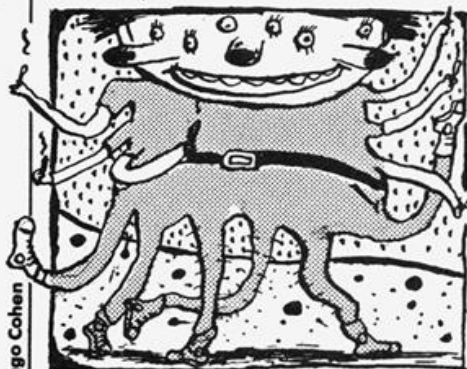


LETTERS

We Need Weed!

Riddle of the month: What has six legs, six arms, six eyes, a heavy hankering for dope but no supply to satisfy that craving? Answer: *Us!* We are three HIGH TIMES subscribers who live in Utah (thank Jah for plain brown wrappers!), where it is almost impossible to score pot. Yeah, we know what you're thinkin': "Only Mormons live in Utah, and they don't even smoke candy cigarettes, let alone pot." Well, we are living proof that not everyone in Utah is a God-fearing wimp (or wimpette). We love to get high. Problem is, there's no dope out here, least not that we can find. And we live in an apartment building with very nosy neighbors, so growing our own is out of the question. We're sending out a plea to dealers, growers or Pot Samaritans: Come to Provo and bring pot. We're not the only dopers out here; you could make good bucks off of Provo's dope-starved non-Mormons. Take pity on our poor potless souls. Put the You in Utah—come out and share your stash. Please!

—Billy, Lisa, Sluggo
Provo, Utah



Yuppie Flunkies

Your "Confessions of a Yuppie Junkie" [HIGH TIMES, May '85] was great: I hate yuppies and enjoyed the centerfold. But I think the term yuppie is all wrong: those three-piece-suit types are nothing but the *New Right*. Let's call a traitor a traitor!

—I'm for Progress
Sacramento, Calif.

Cracking on Madonna

I'd rather be seeking Rosanna Arquette. If anyone's a cartoon character, it's Madonna; all she does is crack me up.

—Willy Day
Bangor, Maine

Jamaica Gist

You must have had quite a buzz on when you captioned the pictures of the knitters in Jamaica [HIGH TIMES, April '85] on pages 43 and 70: their names are Sylvan and Victor and they are right across from the Pelican Grill in Montego Bay—approximately 26 miles from Negril!

Rasta Kim is right, though: "they can't stop the herb"—with the minimum wage below \$2 JA and the price of a loaf of hard dough bread around \$6 JA, they have to "Legalize It" soon. But cocaine has really hit the island like an epidemic and is destroying many innocent young people unaccustomed to the level of decadence we function on in the U.S. The rip-off level has reached a high point. Rent-a-car companies will not rent you a car if your destination is Negril, because the locals strip cars for parts to get money to freebase!

But go for the natural highs—there's no place else quite like it.

—A Friend of Jamaica

Thanks for identifying the photos, and thanks for the Jamaica update.—Ed.

Scoring Points

High! How do I get promotional items like pictures, posters, or a HIGH TIMES ball hat from your company?

I think the magazine is a great thing for people to read. For instance, I like articles on how to grow, fertilize and feed plants. But the best thing about HIGH TIMES is its centerfold.

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/ continued on page 12

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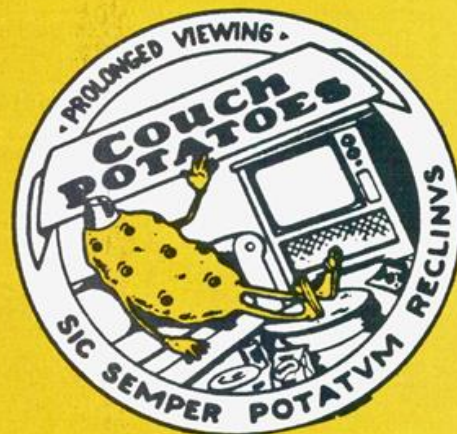
And the Winners Are...

We know all you Flashes fans have been holding your breath since May, anxiously awaiting the announcement of the winner of our "Name That Tune" Contest. Remember in the May Flashes we showed a few bars of music from a famous TV theme song and offered a free HIGH TIMES T-shirt to the first reader who could correctly identify the song? Well, we were astounded at the number of entries that flooded our mailroom, forcing our dedicated postmaster, Gnarly Charlie Brown, to log some heavy overtime. Many of you correctly identified the song as the theme from the *Alfred Hitch-*

cock Show, and some learned individuals even went so far as to point out that the song was actually the "Funeral March of a Marionette." But alas, there could be only one winner, and it came down to a choice between two entries that were received on the same day, one from Vicki Long of Payne, Ohio, the other from Terrie Oshiro of Mililani, Hawaii. We agonized over how we would determine the ultimate winner between these two faithful Flashes fans. We finally decided, hey, let's make 'em *both* winners! So congratulations, Vicki and Terrie—HIGH TIMES T-shirts are winging your way even as you read this. As for those of you who *didn't* win, take heart. The first 10 Flashes readers who answer the following question will win a HIGH TIMES calendar: What actor played the drug-crazed narc in two Cheech & Chong movies and was later busted for coke in real life? (Hint: The answer can be found elsewhere in this issue.) Good luck!

Boob Tube Bible

In modern-day America, television is the true opium of the masses. Those video junkies who need an extra fix of TV trash should cop a subscription to *The Tuber's Voice*, The Couch Potato Newsletter. *The Voice* is an often informative, always hilarious journal of television lore and lunacy. Edited by Bob Armstrong (creator of the underground comix character Mickey Rat, who will appear in an upcoming HIGH TIMES Funny Papers) and Patricia Graves, it includes articles, photos, illustrations (our favorite is Lawrence Welk as a punk rocker), comic strips, cartoons, poems, quizzes, interviews, letters and advice to hardcore couch potatoes. "The couch potato movement is out to abolish intellectual guilt surrounding prolonged TV viewing," Armstrong told HIGH TIMES. "It's okay to come out of the closet and view with dignity. Say it loud—I'm a tuber and I'm proud!" Proud potatoes can subscribe to *The Tuber's Voice* by sending \$6 for four issues to P.O. Box 249, Dixon, CA 95620.



Dig These Artifacts

If archeologists a few thousand years from now unearthed San Francisco circa '68, what would they find and what would they say about it? According to Richard Davis and Jeff Stone's tongue-in-cheek *Treasures of the Aquarians* (Penguin Books, \$5.95), the unearthed artifacts of the stoned-age culture might be lava lamps, "T-Shaped Garments," Aca-pulco Gold Standard and other items we freely-associate with the Haight-Ashbury's height. *Treasures* is a reminder of just how long ago Amerika '68 is—even in 1985. Evidence of how misunderstood and lost the '60s way of life might (has?) become is glimpsed in this pseudo-scientific explanation of "Roach" Clips: "A plausible hypothesis is that the Aquarians used the clips to fasten a live 'roach' (or facsimile) to a piece of clothing to signify that the wearer was in spiritual harmony with the cosmos." Whew! Now what are *you* doing to ensure the roach clip's continual place in culture?



Ecological Adventures

Want to do something really *meaningful* on your next vacation—and have fun to boot? How about spending time in the great outdoors helping to preserve our environment! The Northwest Trails Association, a nonprofit organization in Washington state, is offering a booklet that lists hundreds of volunteer opportunities in 28 states. The jobs include campground hosts, trail workers, historical researchers, artists, photographers, river raft patrols, wildlife observers, even writers. (This writer's idea of a nature trip is eating a bowl of granola while watching *Wild Kingdom*.) To get your copy of the booklet, send \$3 (NTA pays all postage) to "Helping Out in the Outdoors," P.O. Box 2514-U, Lynwood, WA 98036.

"I gave a party last weekend for about 100 people. It's the first time I saw people go into the bathroom and actually heard the toilet flush."

—Movie director James Frawley telling *People* magazine that Hollywooders are cutting down their coke consumption

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Letters

/ continued from page 8

not attending class as much as they should. I was told by my English teacher to try to get a response. If I do, I will get some extra points for it. THANK YOU!

—Rick Stevens
Kansas City, Kans.

For exclusive HIGH TIMES products, turn to page 92.

You can tell your teacher, if we read you right, that we think parents and teachers have more to do with motivation than drugs.—Ed.

Back to Basics

I think your mag is great—we have a long way to go as far as legalization is concerned.

The article in the April '85 issue about Madalyn Murray was in very poor taste, however. I hate her, and I nearly changed my mind about buying your magazine because of it. Look—we all have one thing in common, those who buy your mag and those who print it: *LEGALIZE* pot! Am I correct? It's time you got back to the basics and help our issue, and let NORML speak its piece, too.

Me and a friend of mine have formed a group here in Arkansas to promote the legalization of pot, known as A.L.M. (Arkansans for the Legalization of Marijuana). We'd appreciate it if you give us a plug in your mag to let your readers know that we are out there, and that those in Arkansas are being asked to join in our fight. Hopefully, readers in our fair state will pick up on us and help get rid of these bullshit laws that harm so many otherwise law-abiding citizens.

—Chris Ghent
Heber Springs, Ark.

Well, here's the plug for Arkansans for the Legalization of Marijuana (A.L.M.)—good luck and good work. We have to disagree with you, though, about Madalyn Murray. Her struggle for the right to atheism and free speech is intrinsically connected to demands for progress everywhere: including your demand for marijuana's legalization. By the way—we haven't forgotten the "basics"; why do you think we're called HIGH TIMES anyway?—Ed.

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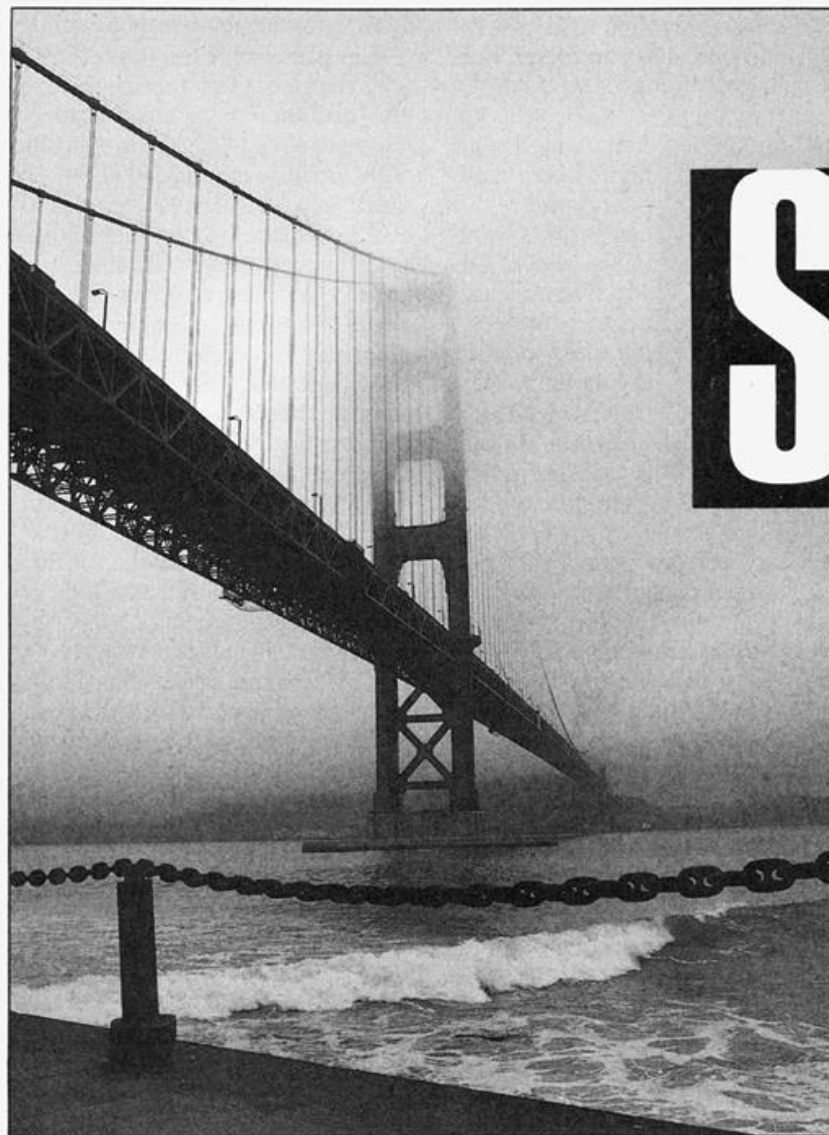
The San Francisco Search

by Michael Macrone

IT'S ONE OF those glorious mornings in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, when the sun burns through the fog and a breeze sweeps from the west. Panhandlers line Haight Street, well-wishing even the ungiving. A skinhead on skateboard howls by from Ashbury all the way to Stanyan, where he kicks off in a tumble down the first grassy slope of Golden Gate Park, a 50-block-long home to the homeless. Lakes, playgrounds, buffalo, palms, bocce courts, Ultimate Frisbee, windmills, lost trails, roses, congas, roller skaters, tourists and trenches sprawl out to the ocean, and the end of America.

I'm on Hippie Hill, a former open-air acid commune, watching withering, cane-wielding flower-children poke past the Conservatory. As the afternoon deepens, street people sink into the recesses of the park while night people awaken to costume for the show at the I-Beam on Haight. By eleven, the dance floor will be packed. It might be the Violent Femmes or Hüsker Dü or Divine or the DJ that draws the postmoderns and stargazers; though the music is a known quantity, the identity of the crowd is always indeterminate.

Across town, in the streets of Chinatown, faces are masked. Papier-mâché lion-heads bob in time to an eerie cadence. Onlookers shout "Gung hay fat choy" (Happy whatever!) and Chinese restaurateurs crack thin smiles. Chinese New Year, like Halloween, is an occasion for San Francisco to celebrate alienated, anonymous hedonism. The lion-dancers lead a parade that spills out onto Broadway, a doll-house West 42nd Street dividing Chinatown from North Beach (the "Greenwich Village of San Francisco"), where tourists who hear SF



● The Golden Gate Bridge links foggy 'Frisco with Marin County.

is sexy come to find out how. But they never find out.

SAN FRANCISCO is certainly beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful metropolis in America. The sweep of shoreline, the panoramas, the picturesque and elaborate architecture, the Mediterranean contour and the "human" scale have all incited deserved panegyrics. The

popular postcard images of the city, however, belie its complexity and fundamental incoherence. The beauty is only a congenial backdrop for an atomistic, yet surprisingly tolerant, individualism.

The volatile social climate, fed by the influx of transients and displaced subcultures, occasionally catalyzes anomalous and nearly apocalyptic

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Photo by Lou Demattels

San Franciscans still quest for The Ultimate Lifestyle

Ask Cookie Mueller

HIGH ADVISOR

I WANT TO GO WAY BACK. I want to get to the core. Do you remember the first time you ever got high? Do you remember the reason why you

first wanted to get high? Was it really peer pressure, like our parents wanted to believe? Or was it simply adventure? Was it the romantic lure, the thoughts of Coleridge, Poe, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Baudelaire? I have

been asking all my friends, who are well-versed in drug use, about their own personal reasons for starting. To my amazement—in fact, disappointment, I've found that most of them answer, "peer pressure." But if this was the case, then who were the initial peers that did the pressuring?

In my survey, I did find one. He said, "Well, I started taking speed to keep my weight down because I was a jockey at that time. It was just a quick jump to marijuana, coke, heroin, you name it. I was the one who tried to make all my friends try it. I just thought it was the chicest thing to do. I was always interested in being the first on my block."

So I found the culprit. It was him. He must have been awfully busy, going from state to state, town to



town, pressuring everybody.

Peer pressure is not the reason why I started. I first took speed (bennies) and then marijuana because I had read about drugs in biographies of the writers mentioned above. I was a very romantic 12-year-old, and these people's lives just sounded so deliciously self-destructive. I figured that they must have been closer to enlightenment because of the many and varied states of consciousness that they experienced through their drug use. I thought that drastically changing your state of perceptions and feelings would definitely be an aid to understanding the riddles of the universe. You know, LSD sort of worked for this introspection which threw light on the external world.

But you can't always rely on a drug for mind expansion. I don't know about you, but when I ate a couple of Quaaludes I never reached any state of sublime insight into the pure philosophical overview of the divine meaning of human existence. No, one has to admit that getting loose didn't help much for gaining wisdom. It sure was fun, though.

Dear High Advisor,
Here's a question that's probably really familiar to you. I hope you know some answers because it's really gotten to be a big problem for me and a lot of my friends. The question is this: when I take a little too much cocaine, I have trouble keeping an erection. It has nothing to do with my partner, because I have a beautiful girlfriend who really turns me on and is well suited for me sexually. I find that I have lots of fun with her, and I love to do cocaine with her, but sex and cocaine don't seem to mix well. I always thought that coke was an aphrodisiac. What can I do about this problem, aside from not taking cocaine when I'm with her? Do I just

have to cut down a bit? Also, what are the drugs that do mix well with sex?

—Billy James
New Orleans, La.

Well, you've really answered your own question here. You have to cut down on the coke. It really can screw up people sexually. Nearly all drugs cause impotence when they're abused. Although things may go fine at first with alcohol, after a while everything



can go limp. Amphetamines can be a real drag for sex. As for opiates—heroin, morphine, opium, etc.—they can be really treacherous. Hair-trigger males, at first, discover that they can use smack to retard ejaculation: the old "heroin hard-on," which seems to last forever. (You thought opiate users couldn't get it up, right?) But you can depend on it that before very long, anyone who does junk is not going to care about anything else besides junk. A junkie rarely thinks about sex unless there's somebody right there with him. But who wants to shack up with a junkie, heroin hard-on or no heroin hard-on? And the constant use of any opiate will, in the long run, inhibit the whole desire thing.

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*First highs, sex and cocaine,
teenage suicide*

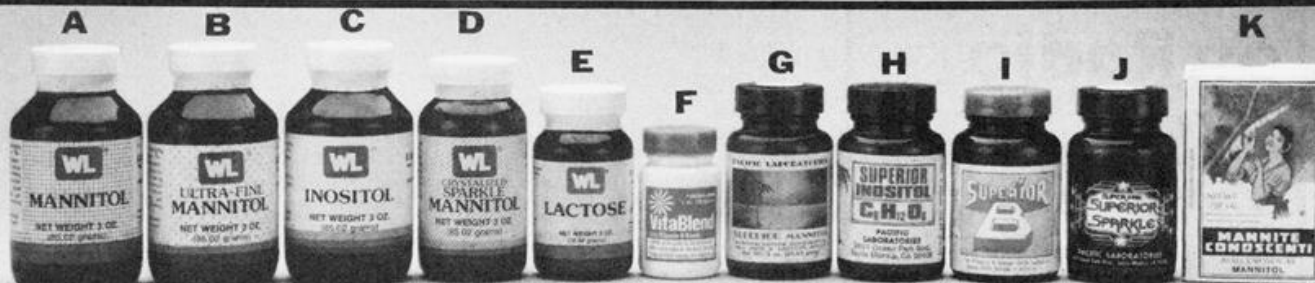
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Scenes

/ continued from page 13

cultural explosions—for example, psychedelic rock and the SLA. From the first gold czar to Werner Erhard, Randolph Hearst to Jim Jones, San Francisco has hosted opportunists, refugees, robber barons, aliens, minorities, prophets, drinkers and perpetual luminescence.

There is a feeling that anything can happen here, but once it does, no one remembers what. San Francisco constantly erases its history and writes in first-person psychodramas. Although there is talk of reforming society, in the cafés one more often hears casual acquaintances narrating their relationships. The café culture functions as a secondary support group, an abstract confessional in which, once unloaded, all social sins are absolved, along with the need for deeper commitment.

SISTER BOOM BOOM has hung up his habit. Once indulged by the media as a "weird" yet unthreatening representative of "(Don't Call It) 'Frisco," the former mayoral candidate in cloister drag is now simply Jack Fertig, contributing writer for the *San Francisco Pocket Astrologer*. Fertig's old order, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, still convenes, but something has been missing for some time now.

The tenor of the Castro district, at the crook of Market Street where it turns up to Twin Peaks, has sobered. This neighborhood and the Valencia district, cultural centers for the lesbian and gay male populace (about 20 percent of the total population), have come of age. Homophobia has not prevented the Castro's affluence nor its relative comfort. But a less normalized outpost, the South of Market ("SoMa") neighborhood, is beginning to disintegrate. AIDS and police surveillance have closed most of the male bathhouses. Former leather bars have become trendy nightspots where the crowds are of a decidedly mixed social and sexual orientation. Young professionals hit the dance floor at the Stud, while back across town, the San Francisco Lesbian-Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps are in the middle of the Chinese New Year Parade, just now snaking past the

El Cid on Broadway, where the original marquee blares: "HE & SHE LOVE-IN."

Meanwhile, over at Fisherman's Wharf there's a block-long line for the cable car downtown. I'm a few stops along the route watching a surcharged car pass me by. The tourists on board giggle, snap pictures of Alcatraz, clutch each other and stick their butts out the side whenever the Rice-a-Ronied wagon hits a 20-percent grade. These are the folk that keep San Francisco in the black and the nearly 4,300 restaurants open: the vicarious population, from Marin to Montmartre, chasing dreams in this 46-square-mile Fantasyland of crazies, rolling hills and culinary innovators.

THE "REAL PEOPLE" in town have been shunted to the extremities of the city, west to the foggy "Avenues" or south toward the Peninsula, where the climate is warmer and the air dusty. In the heart of San Francisco, residents dodge tourists to beat a crooked path to a better "lifestyle." The latest edition of enlightened living might include a new fern bar, mesquite-grilled seafood or an apartment higher up the hill; Sonoma Chardonnays, another trip to Macy's, danceaerobics, gelato, poetry readings or Berkeley. Or perhaps a hot nightclub: the Stone for Manhattanoids, the Palladium for teenypunkers, anything on Union Street for yuppies.

But on the Ultimate Lifestyle front, progress is slow. Lines are still long at the Safeway; guilt has not been wholly eradicated from the cafés; the right drugs can be as hard to get as a reservation at the latest nouvelle-cuisine restaurant. Overall, however, the slight imperfections are insignificant. The weather's great, the sky clear, the streets clean, people smile and say hello and hello and hello and go slowly back to their business. Things just don't get that "intense," except maybe in late afternoon, when the sky is streaked with reds and golds, and the fading light seems to clarify and sharpen the streets and the smiles. Downtown development and gentrification have not blocked the light or muted the city's color. The tenderness and heart of San Francisco endure in a sort of conservative liberalism and laid-back mania. □

Advisor

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The drugs that seem to increase desire and potency are supposedly the psychedelic drugs, especially MDA, but this of course isn't always true. Some say marijuana works well, but I'm not sure about this. I basically think that any drug in moderation can increase libidinal drives. If you overdo any drug, it can cause chronic depression of the central nervous system and thus decrease the drive. Anyway, good luck, my advice is to go easy on all drugs when you want to have the best time in bed with friends.

Dear High Advisor,
I've been reading that there may be a connection between teenage suicide and a nutritional or vitamin deficiency. Can this be true? Isn't it just emotional unbalance? I'm interested in this because I have a teenage son who is often depressed.
—Concerned Mother
Fort Lee, N.J.

I have a teenager also, but fortunately for me, my son seems much more emotionally balanced and well adjusted than even I am. He keeps me together most of the time, not the other way around.

Anyway, many depressions not easily identified as psychological in origin have their roots in vitamin deficiencies and poor nutrition. Overconsumption of sugar (and we both know that teenagers eat lots of it, even when advised against it—of course it's beyond our control when they reach a certain age) can cause hypoglycemia, a leading cause of depression. Also, a lack of B vitamins can make one less able to deal with stress and, unless a teenager takes a vitamin supplement, they usually don't get much B from the foods they love to eat. Also, here's something that everyone seems to overlook concerning depression—that's sensitivity to certain foods. Allergy doesn't always manifest itself in rashes. More often, it manifests itself in depression because it can attack the central nervous system. As I have said many times before, *everything* is connected. The food we do and don't eat affects our lives, our state of mind, our health, *everything*. □

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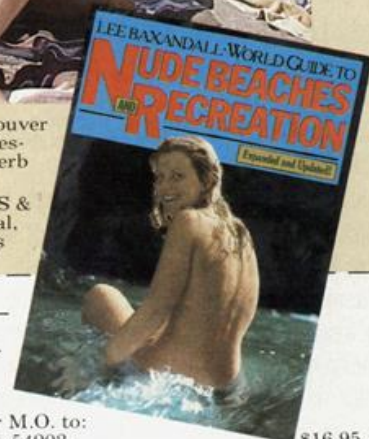
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Highwitness NEWS

AUGUST '85

NO. 120

"I like to parallel where we were in 1942. We're winning battles, but we're still a long way from winning the drug war."

—John Lawn, Director, Drug Enforcement Administration

INTRAVENOUS DRUG USE SEEN SPREADING AIDS NATIONWIDE

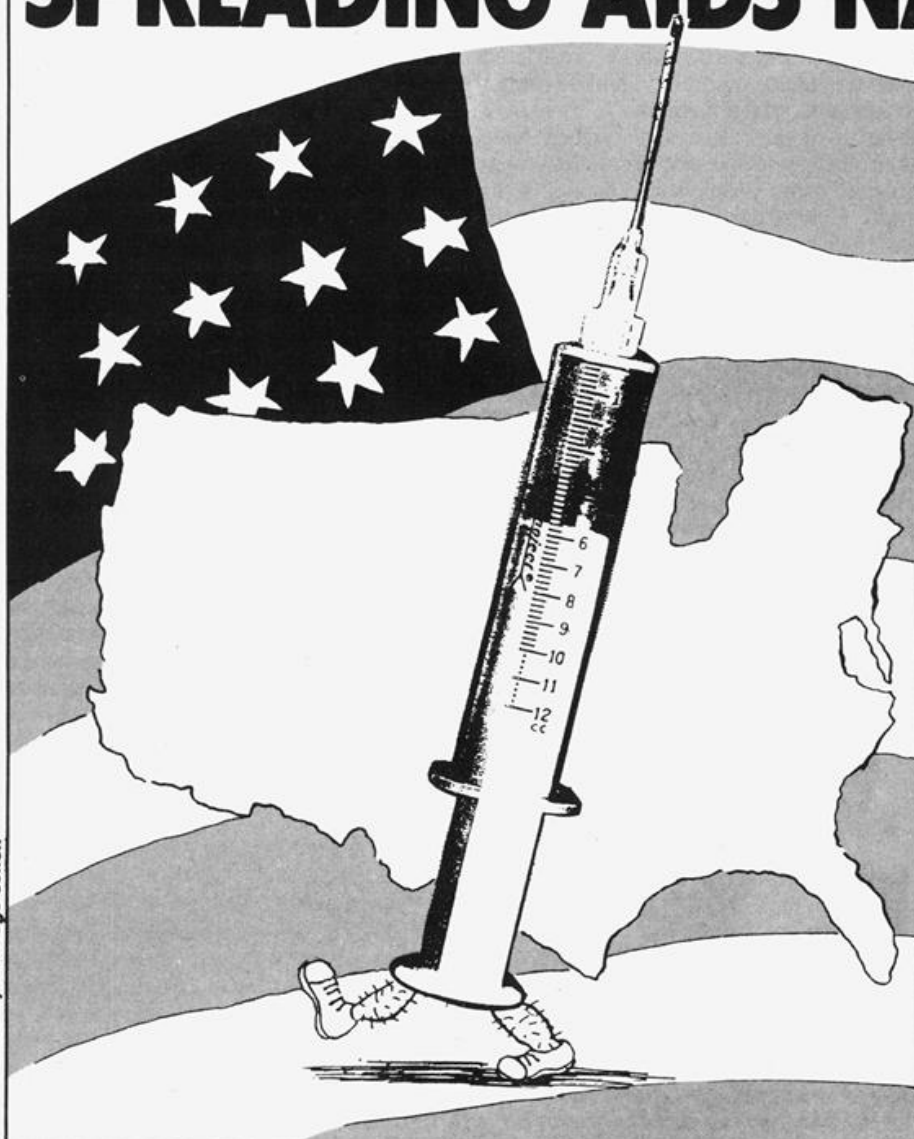
by Claire Winston-Levy

R Y E, N E W Y O R K

THE VIRUS WHICH IS the probable cause of AIDS — Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome — has touched over half of all the people in New York City who use needles to get high on dope, a survey by the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services reported last spring. After analyzing thousands of stored blood samples from methadone-maintenance clients, and other people who have used needles to shoot illicit drugs intravenously, Dr. Don DeJarlais of NYDSAS determined that 60 percent of this city-wide sample of i.v. drug users possess bloodstream antibodies to "HTLV-III," the AIDS "marker" virus, signifying that they've been exposed to AIDS at some time.

The presence in a person's blood of antibodies to the

Illustration by Santiago Cohen



● Trans-High Market Analysis and Quotes: p. 28

AIDS "marker" virus does not, however, signify that that person has AIDS, or will ever develop AIDS, or can transmit the AIDS virus to other people. "Going by what we know of other viral diseases," explains Dr. DeJarlais, "it can be estimated that between four percent and 20 percent of all persons exposed to the AIDS virus may someday develop the AIDS disease itself." Virtually all people carry bloodstream antibodies to scores of infectious diseases, from smallpox to whooping cough to leprosy; the presence of these bloodstream antibodies is merely proof that the persons with them (or their ancestors) have been exposed to the disease agent, and their bodies have worked to ward it off.

An Error by the Times

THESE NEW NYDSAS FIGURES CERTAINLY do not mean, as the *New York Times* erroneously reported on April 19, 1985, that "60 percent of all users of illicit intravenous drugs in New York City have already been infected with AIDS, and so preventive measures may be too late" for them. The reporter for the *Times* evidently did not understand the difference between "exposure" to a virus, and "infection" by a virus. AIDS authorities at NYDSAS and The Atlanta Centers for Disease Control advise HIGH TIMES that in fact, preventive measures may be extremely and uniquely important for these people, in order for them to hopefully avoid full-blown AIDS infection.

A person who's exposed just once to the AIDS virus, through sharing a virus-contaminated needle with an AIDS victim, will very readily develop antibodies to the disease, and thus may (or may not) gain some measure of resistance to AIDS.

If that person continues to swap needles with other i.v. drug users, though, and sustains repeated exposures to the AIDS virus, it's possible that the disease may overcome that person's natural resistance, and develop into full-blown AIDS. "No one knows for sure yet if repeated intravenous exposure to the virus raises the risk of developing AIDS," counsels Dr. DeJarlais, "but it's something that should definitely be avoided in any case."

Intravenous drug users who share needles among themselves are at an exceedingly high risk of developing and communicating AIDS, because the AIDS virus is readily transmitted through "serum-to-serum" (or "blood-to-blood") contact between individuals. The classic example of a virus which is transmitted in this way is hepatitis type B, the traditional scourge of heroin junkies and needle freaks in general. Any time a person with AIDS or hepatitis draws up blood from a vein into a syringe, preparatory to shooting a dose of heroin or cocaine or whatever, the syringe becomes infected with the disease virus; if the person then hands the needle to a friend, to fix up with it, the friend will be literally shooting the virus directly into his

or her bloodstream, along with the drug. This is obviously how over half of the i.v.-shooting population in the New York area have become exposed to AIDS in just the last few years, according to NYDSAS and the CDC.

Elementary Self-Defense

INTRAVENOUS DRUG USERS WHO SWAP needles are not only particularly prone to contract the disease, but once infected, they're especially likely to transmit it to other people, warn epidemiologists at the CDC. The single largest group of AIDS victims so far, of course, has consisted of sexually active male homosexuals, accounting for over 7000 of the 9300 North American AIDS cases recorded by April of this year. AIDS is thought to be transmitted among gay men largely by way of anal intercourse, when the virus in the semen of an AIDS victim comes into contact with the blood vessels in the anal sphincter of a sex partner. Thus the disease has been largely restricted to the gay male community; and its rate of increase among gays has notably slowed over the last two years, as gays everywhere have taken such sensible self-protection measures as using prophylactic condoms, or simply eliminating wholesale promiscuity from their personal lifestyles.

The New England Journal of Medicine, in a report that appeared as this edition of Highwitness News was going to press, has indicated that the new tests for AIDS marker antibodies may have a very significant unreliability rate. Dr. Michael Osterholm, chief epidemiologist for the state of Minnesota, warns in the *New England*



Wide World

• DR. OSTERHOLM

Journal for March 2, 1985, that well over half of the purported "positives" yielded by the new ELISA blood-test procedure may not represent true positives at all.

ELISA ("Enzyme-Linked Immuno-Sorbent Assay") is the more popular of the two new AIDS blood-test pro-

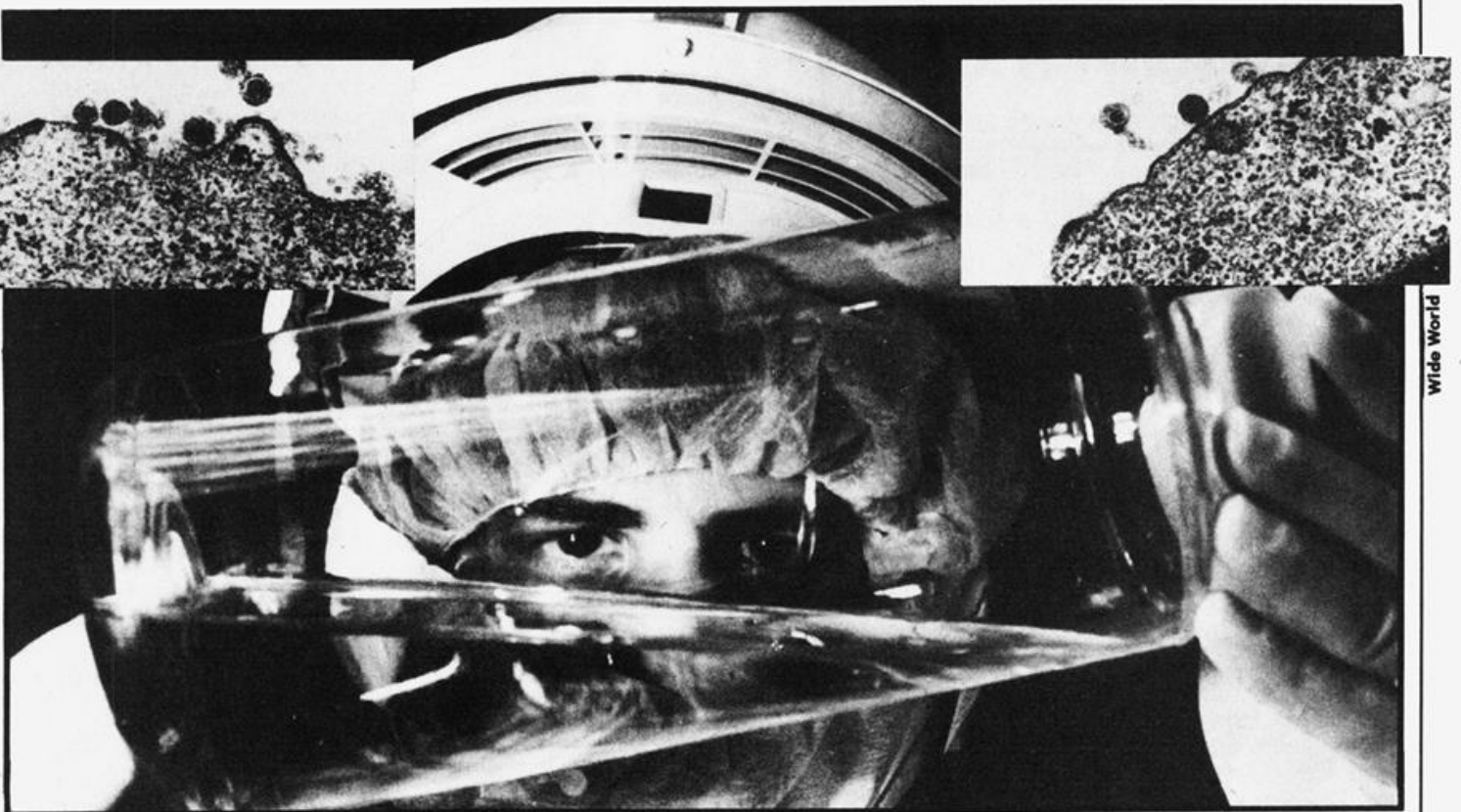
Intravenous dope-shooters, however, offer the AIDS virus a new "vector," or means by which it can be transmitted to others. I.V. drug use is a potent way to spread AIDS regardless of one's sexual practices. Among i.v.-shooters, Dr. DeJarlais has determined, the AIDS antibody occurs just as frequently in women as in men. When these women become pregnant, if they're actively infected with AIDS, the chances are great that their babies will be born with AIDS. In fact, although barely 1600 of the 9300 U.S. AIDS cases reported so far have comprised heterosexual i.v. drug users, the CDC notes that no less than half of all babies born with AIDS so far have been born to i.v. drug users.

For their own good, then, and the good of everyone around them (and their children), it's obvious that i.v. dope-shooters ought to seek to minimize their exposure to the AIDS virus. Although it would be unrealistic to expect needle freaks to abandon the vice outright, it ought to be possible for them to learn that by avoiding the sharing of needles among each other, they can avoid the AIDS virus entirely.

New York and other East Coast cities are also notorious for their "shooting galleries," apartments where people can go to score a dose of dope and buy or rent a set of "works"—a syringe and elastic tie cord. Even in well-to-do circles of nonaddicted cocaine

cedures approved by the Food and Drug Administration. Briefly, the ELISA process involves exposing the blood sample to specific antibody reagents which are impregnated in plastic, or glass beads. Thus it's similar to older "immunoassay" procedures, with the advantage—for the technicians—of a much longer shelf-life for the test reagents. The reliability of ELISA, however, is still very much at issue; the FDA insists that merchandisers of ELISA units clearly label each one as "not a diagnostic device." ELISA results are not to be interpreted as proof that anyone has been exposed (or not exposed) to AIDS, and the same warning is made by the FDA with reference to the Western Blot Test, the other approved AIDS blood-test procedure.

"These tests are only preliminary screening tests," a chemist explains. "They're sufficient for epidemiological use, calculating the rate of AIDS exposure in large populations of people, such as intravenous drug users. Their results should never be used to conclude whether any individual person has ever been exposed to AIDS, or may have AIDS or be able to transmit the disease, or anything like that. These tests aren't accurate enough to say anything definitive about any one human being."



Wide World

● Blood cells and plasma are prepared to test for AIDS-related viruses LAV and HTLV-III.

users, trendy people have been known to ostentatiously carry around nondisposable ornamental syringes, lending them occasionally to others, as a "special favor."

In East Coast heroin-addict circles especially, a person who refuses to share a set of works with other people, when they're all fixing up out of the same batch of junk, is felt vaguely to be *arrogant*, putting on airs. Moreover, there's commonly a sort of primate pecking order to the business; the "top" junkie gets to fix up first, and then the spike is passed around, and the newest or youngest or least self-assertive junkie shoots last. Junkies have been known to literally murder other junkies who've presumed to produce their own works and try to fix up out of turn, instead of waiting for the communal syringe to get around to them.

These absurd and complicated needle rituals, of course, virtually assure the continued spread of AIDS among East Coast i.v. shooters. Unlike gay males, i.v. dopers have virtually no organized special-interest groups or publications to spread news of AIDS, and how to avoid it, among each other—at least not on the East Coast.

"A Cosmic Accident"

IN SAN FRANCISCO, BY COMPARISON, THE rate of AIDS exposure among intravenous drug users is barely six percent, according to Dr. John Neumayer of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic there. That is to say, although the Bay Area has roughly the same

percentage of needle freaks, per capita, as New York City, the rate of AIDS exposure among them appears to be one hundred times lower. This astonishing discrepancy may have something to do with the thoughtful and vigorous public-information exertions of physicians at the Haight Free Clinic, in conjunction with the San Francisco city health department.

"New York City has been grossly remiss," charges Richard Seymour, the Free Clinic's director, "in neglecting to advise the most at-risk AIDS populations about the disease, and the simplest precautions that can be taken to avoid its spread." In 1981, immediately after AIDS was first detected and described by the Atlanta CDC, the Free Clinic and the San Francisco health department launched a crash program of distributing AIDS advice brochures among the city's more notorious gay bathhouses and S/M bars, where AIDS was most likely to be most widely transmitted, by marathon promiscuous sexual conduct involving repeated "blood-to-blood" contact.

Posters warning of AIDS, and exactly how gays could avoid it, were plastered all over town, on walls and in trains and buses. Although this initially provoked indignant complaints from sundry "decent citizens," who claimed to be offended to have to learn that things like fist-fucking are done anywhere in the world, everyone now agrees that the long-term results were uniformly salubrious. The incidence of syphilis, gonorrhea,

hepatitis and communicable diseases in general has nosedived all around the Bay Area, to the great benefit of everyone there.

Once the Free Clinic had proven that simple public information could indeed greatly reduce the proliferation of AIDS among gay men, they targeted the second most "at-risk" population for AIDS: intravenous drug users. Decent citizens who'd been affronted by the onslaught of AIDS self-protection literature directed at gays were most likely even more scandalized by this project to save worthless drug abusers from this chastening new disease. (It's assumed—and a false attitude—that i.v. drug users are not concerned about their health.) And as a result of this public-education binge, the spread of exposure to HTLV-III ("Human T-Cell Leukemia-Lymphoma Virus, type Three"), the AIDS marker virus, has been one thousand times slower in the Bay Area than in New York City.

"It was just a cosmic accident," Free Clinic director Seymour counsels, "that this disease first started showing up among gay men and intravenous needle users, as its first main vectors into the general population. The virus doesn't know what it's doing, it's just *there*. Sooner or later it'll find a way to get around to touch everyone in the world—maybe over generations, maybe in just a few years. So we all have to deal with this, and not just gays and needle freaks. We have to learn how to take care of ourselves, and even more important, to take care of each other." HT

VALIUM'S CREATORS VIE WITH GENERIC UPSTARTS

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

THE LOVELY NEW VALIUM TABLETS, stamped by the Hoffman-LaRoche drug company with a heart-shaped "V" through the center much like a New York City subway token, are not designed that way merely for esthetic reasons. There's a practical reason for the new design: to make it tougher, and prohibitively expensive, for "generic" drug manufacturers to produce any brand of diazepam-based tranquilizer that even looks like Valium, now that Hoffman-LaRoche is losing their exclusive patent on America's favorite antidepressant.

The Roche division of Hoffman-LaRoche, in Nutley, New Jersey, has had the exclusive right to merchandise diazepam—the active ingredient in Valium—since the drug first went on the market in 1963. Over that time, Roche's familiar little blue (10-milligram) and yellow (5-mg) tablets have earned over three billion dollars for the company. Diazepam is the most effective and widely pre-

scribed antidepressant medication in the world, and is also uniquely effective for convulsions, back pain, detoxification from alcohol and opiates, and a host of other common medical uses. Roche's exclusive patent on this drug has, therefore, naturally been the object of much envy from rival drug manufacturers, and long before the patent was due to run out on it in February of this year, numerous companies—such as the Lederle drug combine—were applying to the Food and Drug Administration in Washington for permission to produce "generic" brands of diazepam, under their own brand names, so as to get a piece of Roche's market.

Punching a heart-shaped "V" into the middle of the tablet involves a forbiddingly expensive die-cutting procedure. It is only one of the resorts the Roche company has taken to protect itself against competition from generics. Certain other protective measures taken by the company have recently brought Roche the attention of the Federal Trade Commission.

Although the FTC's public-information office in Washington has no comment for the public record about any investigation of Roche's patent-protection maneuvers, an attorney there was cited in the April 26, 1985 edition of *Science* magazine as confirming that the drug company is being watched by the FTC: "The reason it caught our attention," he told *Science* columnist Marjorie Sun, "is that there are cases where competitors use the governmental process to keep others out of the market."

In this case, Hoffman-LaRoche went to the government, just two weeks before its exclusive patent on diazepam was due to expire last February, with a petition asking the FDA to consider revamping its drug-testing procedures, and to block the production of any generic diazepam-based tranquilizers while the FDA did so. It might take months or years for the FDA to act on such a petition, of course; and for as long as Valium has no competition, Roche is certain to make millions more in revenues.

The FDA's current procedures for testing the effectiveness of many drugs—particularly diazepam formulations—are entirely inadequate, the Roche company charges in its petition. While diazepam itself is simply diazepam, any commercial dose-unit tablet of it—like Valium—necessarily contains var-

Federal Drug Trafficking Penalties

(For Schedule history and descriptions, see Abuse Folio, page 30.)

First Offense

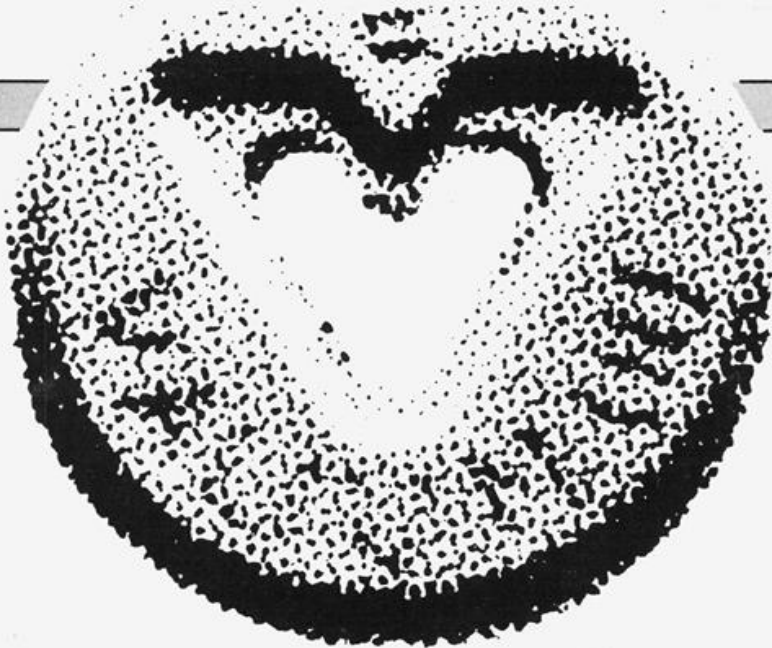
Second Offense

CSA Schedule	Drug	Trace	5g	100g	500	1kg	10kg	50kg or more	Trace	5g	100g	500	1kg	10kg	50kg or More
I & II	LSD														
	Narcotics*														
	PCP														
	Cocaine														
	Others**														
I & II	Hash Oil														
I & II	Hashish														
I & II	Marijuana														
III	All														
IV	All														
V	All														

*Except coca leaves and derivatives.

**Others—some stimulants, some depressants and some hallucinogens.

Source: Drug Enforcement Profile, March 1985.



● Don't get nervous about the hole in Valium. It's the same old dope.

ious inert substances, such as cellulose fillers and binders and color dye. Some generic firms, Roche suggests in their petition to the FDA, might create dose-unit tablets in which the inert components impede the effectiveness of the diazepam; and therefore the FDA should tighten up its drug-testing procedures to ensure the "bio-equivalency" of generic diazepam to trusty old dependable Valium.

To bolster their point, Roche enlisted Dr. Turan Itil of Tarrytown, New York, an internationally-recognized expert on drug-testing for large commercial firms and the government. To a test group of 16 men, Dr. Itil administered Valium, placebo pills, and two brand-name diazepam formulations from Canada and Turkey. After each dose, Dr. Itil monitored their brain-waves with a computerized electroencephalograph (EEG)—a drug-testing procedure Itil perfected years ago.

In the Roche study of diazepam, however, Dr. Itil monitored no less than 22 different brain-wave variables, whereas the FDA ordinarily only watches four EEG variables in its tests. Predictably, Itil noted differences between the three diazepam formulations on some of these many brain-wave variables. A manifest "inequivalency," as he put it, between Valium and the other two brands. He scrupulously told *Science* later on, however, that it would be "premature" to conclude from this EEG data that Valium was any more (or less) effective than either of the other two tranquilizers.

The Roche company, however, was quite prepared to make a major issue out of these murky brain-wave discrepancies; "The result of these disparities among different brands of diazepam," Roche warned the FDA, "could well lead to less than optimal therapeutic effects or untoward reactions." Patients might under-or-overdose on them, that is.

However, even Roche had to concede that the blood levels of diazepam in Itil's subjects

were identical with each formulation taken. There was no significant difference in the rate of absorption of active drug, that is, from brand to brand. Since diazepam works specifically in the brain, by enhancing the activity there of a natural "antidepressant" hormone called GABA (gamma-aminobutyric acid, which has been called "the body's own Valium"), experts consider it unlikely that there could be any significant difference between these three medications, considering that they all produce the same blood-stream levels of diazepam. In fact, although the FDA's "equivalency" regulations allow for a leeway of 20 minutes, plus or minus, between the administration of a drug and its onset of effectiveness, it would appear there wasn't even that much difference between Valium and these two foreign brands selected by Roche.

Government experts familiar with EEG drug-testing techniques agree with Dr. Itil that the brain-wave discrepancies may well mean nothing significant at all. There is, a National Institute of Mental Health doctor told *Science*, "no established way to predict Valium's effectiveness on a normal person's EEGs, and its ability to relieve anxiety, relax muscles, or treat convulsions."

All in all, Roche's petition to effect a change in FDA drug-testing procedures would appear to be mainly a delaying tactic; a way to keep generic "Valiums" off the market for as long as possible, even after Roche's exclusive patent to merchandise Valium has lapsed. And although this maneuver may not qualify as outright restraint of trade, it has definitely brought the company to the attention of the FTC.

Even the FDA, which is ordinarily painfully considerate of multi-billion-dollar drug companies, has been very candid about the Hoffman-LaRoche petition. "Gobbledygook," a senior officer there termed it for *Science*. "It's tedious work. If we didn't have to answer these petitions, we would be processing more generics." HT

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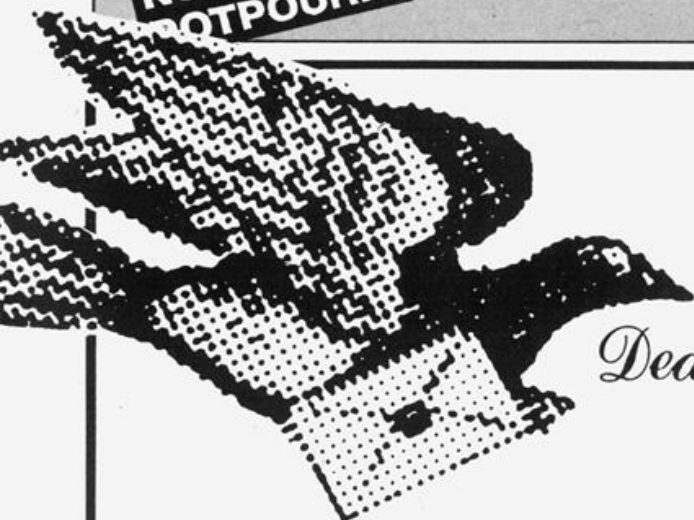
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Dear Mary Jane

Been busted? We care and would like to hear about it. Send questions or stories about bizarre busts or close ones to: Dear Mary Jane, Northeast NORML Coalition, c/o NYS NORML, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025.

Dear Mary Jane,

My son came home from school the other day scared and upset. His fifth-grade teacher had, three weeks ago, distributed a comic book called *Teen Titans*. The magazine, apparently an attempt at drug education, depicts imaginary heroes (literally) wiping out violent drug dealers selling to school children.

I do not hide from my son the fact that I smoke marijuana, but I have educated him concerning responsible drug use and have encouraged him to avoid, whenever possible, using any drug (including aspirin). I have impressed on him that his youth, especially, should be drug-free.

The students were asked to fill in their reactions to situations shown in the last two pages of the comics. Questions appeared above pictures of troubled teens faced with taxing problems like, "I got 'C's on my report card, and I was afraid to take it home, so I started smoking marijuana." My son viewed this inane exercise as a joke and filled in silly answers. Although, as I implied, my son does not use drugs, his answers reveal a familiarity with drugs and their use.

Two weeks after the teacher distributed the comics, she collected them. That was a week ago. My son, hoping she would forget about it, told her that he had left it home. She continued to press him. He told her he had lost it. Now the teacher wants me to call the school. After my son showed me the magazine I agreed with him that he should not turn it in. Regardless of what my son's responses had been, I wanted to do a little digging to find out the purpose of these little booklets.

Do you think the aim of the authors of these booklets is to attempt to discover students, or their parents, who are using drugs? What do you think the school officials would do if they suspected my son or me of using drugs: question my child? Question me? I wonder if they could or would turn over

booklets, with suspicious-sounding responses to the police?—Mom

Dear Mom,

The purpose for turning in the comic book is suspect. Students should be aware that what they write in jest is often taken seriously. A misinformed teacher may feel it his duty to pass on even vague suspicions to school counselors, administrators, etc. It is conceivable that your son's answers might have been shown to any number of people. You or your son might have been questioned further.

While the booklets could not serve as actual evidence of criminal activity, they could cause you to become someone to keep an eye on. Children in several communities—Delaware, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Texas and New Jersey—have been encouraged to turn in anyone, parents and siblings included, that they suspect of using or selling drugs.

NORML encourages a drug-free youth and promotes responsible drug-education programs. One should not expect the schools to provide good drug education. Never should a parent rely upon a school system to accomplish even half of their child's education. An open atmosphere in the home promotes honest education about drugs as well as other difficult subjects.

Good luck, Mom, and good for you for teaching your son to come to you with his problems.

—Sincerely,
Mary Jane

P.S. Look for my review of the comic book under *Media Revues* in this section.

Although lawyers or other professionals may be consulted for accuracy, this column is not meant to be binding advice, legal or otherwise. Specific circumstances in individual situations may render all or part of any general advice invalid.

ACTION ALERTS!

New Hampshire State Representative Frank Silvia introduced a bill that would make marijuana possession a minor infraction for first-time offenders. In April '84, during his second term in office, sixty-year-old Silvia proposed a maximum \$500 fine instead of arrest. The bill passed the House Judiciary Committee unanimously, and the Democratically-controlled House by voice vote, following virtually no debate. The bill's sponsors face Republican-controlled Senate members who vow defeat.

Contact your state representative (U.S. Capitol, Washington, DC: 202-224-3121; Western Union: 800-257-2241: urge him or her to follow New Hampshire's example and push decreasing penalties for marijuana possession. Popular support for controversial measures has always been of concern to politicians. Point out to your representatives that public opinion, even in a morally right-wing state, favors leniency—270 members strong, the New Hampshire legislature has by far the highest ratio in the nation of representatives to voters.

AWARDS

The Gold Leaf Pin of the Month is awarded for outstanding contributions to reconciling our nation's out-of-control drug problem.

This month's award goes to Mike Royko, a nationally-syndicated columnist. His March, 1984 column finds that the "biggest users" of marijuana range from "young adults to middleagers." Noting alcohol's toxicity, Royko ridicules the government's "need" to keep marijuana illegal in order to protect the public from harmful substances. He concludes that the government, instead of attempting the impossible task of stopping the majority of citizens from using marijuana, should legalize and regulate it.

Royko does not endorse a specific policy but believes marijuana legalization is much preferable to the "hordes of narcotics agents floundering around in futile attempts" and "the police and courts still wasting time and money trying to put dealers in jail for selling it." He includes among the benefits of any marijuana legalization policy: the boost in income for "our own needy farmers," the end of escalating violence between police and drug dealers, and the decrease in bribes of officials in the U.S. and elsewhere.

NEWS REVIEWS



Drugs Chopped—Texans' War on Drugs hails ABC President Frederick Pierce for issuing a mandate to producers, talk show hosts, etc. The message: "Keep off the drug humor!" Johnny Carson is cited as a particular offender for his "glamorous portrayal" of the drug scene.

Arrest After Death—In March, Philadelphia police officers responding to a report of a disturbance outside a bar in a racially-tense section of the city, spotted John Alvin, thirty-one-year-old New Jersey man, holding a clear plastic bag which they believed contained marijuana. Fearing ar-

rest, Alvin entered the bar and attempted to swallow the nickle bag.

Although making no move to resist the officers, he was dragged by the feet out of the bar. Onlookers observed Alvin having difficulty breathing while officers repeatedly smacked his head with their nightsticks. A Good Samaritan witness who saw Alvin's head "bouncing off concrete steps and curbs" was arrested. (The intervenor was charged with simple assault, resisting arrest and disorderly conduct.) Alvin sprawled motionless on the sidewalk before he was thrown into the paddy wagon. Three hours after he arrived at the hospital in a coma,

Alvin's brain-dead body was charged with possession of a controlled substance, simple assault, misconduct and failure to disperse. Alvin, the father of three, died the next day.

Courts' Rules—The Monmouth County Prosecutor appealed to the New Jersey Supreme Court in December, twice in 1984, following an Appeals Court affirmation of a lower court ruling allowing a quadriplegic, indicted for marijuana possession in 1983, to raise a *medical necessity* defense at his trial.

The District Court Judge granted the defendant's motion to use the defense after it was shown that no legal remedy existed to accommodate his medical need to smoke marijuana. Defendant presented evidence that he obtained far more relief for his symptoms from smoking marijuana than he could from any prescribable drugs, and that the severity of his spasms *forced* him to use an illegal substance for medical reasons.

In March, 1985, the Supreme Court granted *certiorari*, agreed to hear the case, and invited the New Jersey Attorney General, Irwin Kimmelman, to appear *amicus*—as a friend of the Court—for the Monmouth County Prosecutor. Kimmelman filed a brief designed to convince the Supreme Court that other legal avenues were and are available to obtain marijuana for medical purposes. State legislation passed in 1981 does allow experimental medical use of Schedule One drugs; however, no viable program for prescribing or obtaining supplies, or even for conducting research, exists in New Jersey.

ACTION AGENDA

July-August-September

OMI Petitioning Blitz

Ongoing at Oregon fairs and festivals. For further information, contact Oregon Marijuana Initiative, Box 8698, Portland, OR 97207, (503) 775-9250.

July

20-24 Natural Living Conference

University of California, Santa Barbara. For more info, write National American Hygiene Society, 12896 Racetrack Rd., Tampa, FL 33625.

24-28 "Summerfest" 10th Annual Vegetarian Conference

Cedarcrest College, Allentown, NJ. Contact North American Vegetarian Society, P.O. Box 72, Dolgeville, NY 13329.

26-28 War Resisters League Conference

"Following Our Deepest Impulses: A Community Experimenting in Nonviolence" at North Texas State University, Denton, TX. War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

August

6, 9 Fortieth Anniversary of Nagasaki-Hiroshima Day

Nationally-Coordinated Civil Disobedience Exercises

At various nuclear weapons facilities.

6-9 National Shadow Project

A graphic depiction of vaporization of H-Bomb victims. For info and input, contact Mobilization For Survival, 853 Broadway, Rm. 418, New York, NY 10003, (212) 533-0008.

Clearwater Revival

Sandyhook, NJ. Contact SANE, 324 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042.

(date pending) Freedom Festival

Farmingdale, N.J. A celebration of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—music, food, camping, speakers, summer fun. Contact N.J. NORML, P.O. Box 532, Neptune, NJ 07753.

August Blueberry Festival

Sponsored by North Carolina Rainbow. Write c/o Katuah, Rt. 2, Box 132, Leicester, NC 28746.

September

Rainbow International

Jerusalem, Israel. For info and input, write Rainbow International, c/o P.O. Box 4386, Jerusalem, Israel.

28 Council on Marijuana and Health

Second Annual Conference, in San Francisco. Research update on health and social effects of marijuana and other drugs. Contact Joanne Gampel, (202) 583-5500.

This calendar is sponsored by the Coalition and other groups for positive social and political reform.



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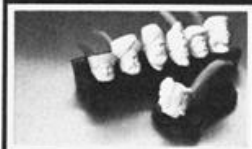
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NORML POTPOURRI

Highwitness NEWS

Public Perceptions Opinion Poll

Which way would you like to see marijuana laws changed? Do you agree with the Moral Majority—types who think that penalties for marijuana should be drastically increased, that people dying of cancer should be denied the marijuana which would ease their agony, that head shops should be closed? We're the Northeast NORML Coalition, and we're fighting to end marijuana prohibition, which we feel is as ridiculous now as alcohol prohibition was in the 1920s. If you're angry that over five million people have been arrested on marijuana charges since 1965, that one of America's biggest cash crops remains illegal, why not let us know about it? Send all responses to this poll, our monthly columns and news items (send clippings too), and help us by sending for our free product brochure to Northeast NORML Coalition, c/o NYS NORML, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025. You don't need to live in the Northeast—we'd love to hear from you from anywhere. **REMEMBER: We need your opinions.**

1. More information would be helpful to me on cannabis in the following area(s): ☐ laws ☐ history ☐ current trends and abuses ☐ agricultural/industrial potential (product ingredient, energy, food resource) ☐ research studies (medical, cultural).
2. Information in which of the above areas would best educate the public?
3. For me, information is useful in ☐ magazine articles ☐ newspaper articles ☐ books ☐ newsletters ☐ films, videos ☐ TV programs ☐ public conferences ☐ computer services.
4. Which of the above media forms do you feel would best reach the general public?

MEDIA REVUES

Marijuana as Medicine, Madrona Publishers, Seattle, Wash. 1982. Recommended for activists as a good resource for medical info.

This valuable text chronicles cannabis' long history in major cultures as an effective medicine, valuable for treating numerous maladies. Summarizing the many scientific studies exploring marijuana's therapeutic potential as well as the restrictive laws governing its research, author Dr. Roger A. Roffman notes in one particularly good chapter the pharmaceutical companies' avid attempts to patent and market cannabis. The eventual abandonment of this valuable research points to the myriad of obstacles created by marijuana's Schedule One status—research by all major drug companies as well as the U.S. government has virtually ceased.

New Teen Titans, a comic book by DC Comics Inc. Copyright 1983. Not recommended for children.

New Teen Titans is an antidrug comic book targeted for the teen and preteen age



groups. Two different versions are being circulated. One is sponsored by the American Soft Drink Industry and the other by Keebler Corporation. Both companies have produced the books in cooperation with the President's Drug Awareness Campaign and each includes a foreword by Nancy Reagan.

In both versions, the emphasis is placed on pot, PCP and cocaine. Pills or heroin receive little mention. Drug use is a problem in itself, not a symptom. Use *is* abuse. Kids are warned—through corny dialogue ex-

changes—that pot “damages the lungs, heart and reproductive system, impairs memory and perception and damages the ability to fight other diseases.” The disproven stepping-stone hypothesis permeates the story line—one toké leads to excessive and multiple drug use.

The Soft Drink Industries’ version, apparently targeted for the high school set, contains a lot of objectionable language and material. The story portrays only “bad” kids, i.e. tough, wise-guy, slick, hood types use drugs. Nonusers are “preppy” stereotypes. Drug-starved teens are driven to armed robbery to satisfy their maddening cravings. *New Teen Titans* are violent avengers.

The Keebler Corporation’s version, also titled *New Teen Titans*, is targeted for the preteen group. The dialogue is more natural and stereotypes are replaced with more accurate representations of teen drug users. Not all kids do dope and drug use is seen as a symptom of family or personal crisis. Its softer message—“pot and booze affect kids worse than adults because they are still growing”—comes close to sanity. The super heroes reveal themselves as former drug users and temper their violence towards drug pushers. While violence is still excessive, one *Teen Titan* reflects, “If we kill, no matter how justified the cause, then we are as bad as they are.”

While copies are no longer available from the American Soft Drink Association, a limited number of copies of the Keebler comic are available from DC Comics, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103.



TV Commercial, the Heart and Lung Association, 1985. A good example of fairly responsible reportage.

A television commercial sponsored by the Lung Association, featuring the *Fame* actors, points to potential dangers of teens using marijuana. The fifteen-second spot urges kids to be drug-free and promotes the message, “Don’t let your lungs go to pot.” Although marijuana is not portrayed as totally harmless, neither is it claimed that marijuana causes brain damage.

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ANALYSIS

CALIFORNIA DEALERS: FLYING IN THE FACE OF FEAR

by Gene Wheelwright

WE ACCOMPANIED THE CREW ON LAST month's research expedition to California, so we looked up some of our friends and connections there, several of whom we rely on for some of the quotations across the page. Just to check on what these guys were doing now told us a lot about what was happening out there on the edge of reality.

Up in Sonoma County, the Old Dope Grower had decided to take a year off from growing, rather than attempt any farflung heroics at bringing in an unmunched, unconfiscated, un-ripped-off crop of grass. He'd taken the opportunity this year to move his family to a new house across the valley, where, situated as it was on the top of a steep and almost perfectly rounded knoll, he commanded a 360-degree view of prime growing land around him—and could see the entrance of any vehicle onto his property from about a quarter-mile away.

For the Old Grower, though, the land that came with the house was just a big lawn, which he intended to keep mowed by acquiring a few sheep. It was in the small barn out back that he intended to foil the heat this year by bringing in a totally hydroponic, grow-lit crop, and he was in the midst of amassing his equipment. Unhappily for the Grower, he had just suffered a \$5,000 rip-off (one of those teenagers again), and was hustling to keep from bumming. We left him heading toward some secret valley to meet a couple of friends flying down a planeload of buds from Oregon. He was figuring that, if he worked hard at it, he could recoup his loss in a few days. Or, if luck was with him, maybe even a few hours.

Across the county, the Wheeler-Dealer was manifesting his own kind of scene, behind his organic-vitamin-pill front. On the second floor of the bungalow he'd built in back of his family's house to handle commercial traffic, he was maintaining a large grow-room for the hundreds of marijuana seedlings he was currently nursing to the transplant stage. They were ready at any time for transport in his windowless van to the land he and his business partners were renting 200 miles to the north. One of the partners lived there on the land, while the Dealer provided him with transplants, fertilizer, funds and know-how.

It was a partnership that had worked out

well for them all for the last few years, but this year, they knew they were well within range of California's dreaded Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP). Everybody knows this year, after last year's blitzkrieg, that CAMP means business, and the Wheeler-Dealer figures it's a toss-up whether his crop is located and seized. But like a lot of other grass growers who have suddenly found themselves targeted for harassment like the Commies of the '50s—and suffering from a similar lack of social position, but with far more popular support—he doesn't like submitting to threats. For him, it's worth the risk. It would be better to have made the attempt and lost the crop, with all the time and money invested, than to go into any kind of ignominious hiding from a campaign of persecution that he knows is wasteful, wrong-headed and dumb.

The Dealer says that one effect the heat has had this year on the trade has been to squeeze the supply dry at an unusually early stage in the annual sales cycle. Consequently, the grade-A, manicured sinsemilla buds that have come to be the top-dollar staple of the marijuana economy are already practically unobtainable—unless you're friends with a grower who's willing to part with some of his "stash buds."

In former years, high-grade Thai weed might have covered for the shortage of sinse, but this year there's very little of that either, due to April's big bust of a 31-ton load in San Francisco Bay—a case of putting all your buds in one boat. What's left? *Sigh*—the usual flood of Mexican.

But, not to give up hope, we learned from our dealer friends that another mutual friend, the Innocuous Individual, is now engaged in a big way in alleviating the problem. He's back in his old gig, driving a big rig, with his long hair and beard cut down to a natty little moustache, and dressed in a regulation khaki cap and uniform. Looking like any one of the multitude of dudes who take on the mountainous grades of the Cascades and Siskiyou in their sixteen-wheelers, the Innocuous Individual makes a weekly run from Seattle to San Francisco. Only the most persistent of inspectors would ever suspect that the bulk of his cargo, underneath the outer layer of chicken feed, is another multi-ton load of Thai weed.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

National Market

UNITED STATES			
U.S. sinsemilla	grade A fancy, rare	oz	\$200-250
	now, high-priced	lb	2250-3500
	domestic, Ky., Ga.,	oz	150-200
	Ill. and such	lb	1750-2250
Hawaiian sinse	premium prices—	oz	200-300
	the heat's on	lb	2250-3500
Commercial	pseudo-sinse,	oz	75-150
Mexican	flood subsiding	lb	600-1000
Thai weed	dark green bricks,	oz	125-175
	pressed buds	lb	1500-2000
	loose, goldish buds	lb	1350-2000
Jamaican	intensely flavorful	oz	125
pressed sinse	and aromatic	lb	1150-1400
Jamaican	lamb's bread,	oz	50-75
commercial	down to earth	lb	450-700
Colombian	streetweed,	oz	50-75
merch	save your lungs	lb	450-600
Afghani hash	good old black	lb	1500-2000
	Afghani		
Mushrooms	psilocybe cubensis,	lb	400-500
	pure psychedelic	oz	85-100
LSD	white lightning,	gm	3500
	original process		
Cocaine	avalanche—,	oz	1500-1950
	varying impurity	kilo	35,000 +

Area Bulletins

Offshore,	Colombo,	lb	\$175
100 miles out	40-50-lb bales		
	toot, negotiable	kg	28,000
Albuquerque,	"killer indica"	oz	200
N.M.	acid, Doonesbury	one	5
Bellview, Mich.	Mex brown, "proud	oz	75-85
	to get you high"		
Boston	Mexican green,	oz	140
	"nice"	lb	1150
	coke, "sucks"	oz	2000
	MDMA, or	one	15
	"XTC," "hot"		
Chicago	California sinse,	oz	225-250
	exotic merch	lb	3500
	Colombo reg,	1/4-oz	35
	scarce, no good		
	coke: healthy cut,	3 1/2-gm	300
	vitamin B	gm	100
Dade Co., Fla.	see Miami		
Fernandina	Jamaican ganja	lb	800
Beach, Fla.	Ga.-N.C.-S.C.	lb	1100
	domestic		
	toot, at Florida	kg	35,000
Honolulu	port of entry		
	sinse price down,	lb	1300-1500
	hard to get it out		
Lexington, Ky.	domestic sinse,	oz	150
	"killer"	lb	1400
	Hash oil, "got to	gm	15
	be the best"		
	LSD, musical-	one	5
	note blotter		
	Shrooms, still	gm	10
	wet from pasture		
	cocaine, "great"	gm	100-150
	percodan, the	one	5
Memphis, Tenn.	down escalator		
	"Rasta reefer"	oz	90
		1/4-lb	250-300
Miami	domestic sinse,	oz	80-100
	"from the glades"	lb	800-1000
	Panama reds, top	oz	75
	of regs, scarce	lb	700-800
	Jamaican buds,	oz	50-75
	"devastating"	lb	600-800
	Colombian,	oz	25-40
	brown dross	lb	250-350
	Thai, green-gold	oz	150-200
	Thai, opiated logs	1/4-oz	60
	LSD blots	one	5
	LSD liquid	drop (!)	7
	mushrooms	oz	20-30
	shroom tea	gal	400-500
	coke, "be careful,	gm	50-60
	xxx-strong"	oz	900-1200
	speed, "in	gm	40-50
	heavy demand"		
	zoom! (speed cut w/	1 cap	3
	coke), "berserk"		
New York City	Hawaiian buds,	oz	260
	wafting you aloft	lb	3000

	California sinse-	oz	200-250
	milla, rare	lb	2800-3200
	Illinois buds, aston-	oz	180
	ishing quality	lb	2200
	W. Va. buds,	oz	150
	down home	lb	2000
	"Jam What Am,"	oz	125
	sinsemilla ganja	lb	1300
	"Jammy Whammy,"	oz	125
	green slabs	lb	1300
	Mexican greens,	oz	70-100
	earthy to spicey	lb	800-1100
	Thai, "Bangkok	oz	135
	bongos," kilo-cans	lb	1300
	"Mexi-Thai,"	oz	75
	ammoniated reg	lb	800-1200
	Hawaiian, "hula	lb	800
	shake," fair		
	Afghani black	lb	1400-1500
Oakland, Cal.	Humboldt/Mendo-	oz	190
	cino greens	lb	2200-2300
	Thai: compressed	oz	150
	gold clumps	lb	1400-2000
	Afghani primo,	oz	140
	black & chewy	lb	1800
Phoenix, Ariz.	California skunk	oz	150
	Mexican OK sinse	lb	450
	LSD, Gumby	one	5-8
	okay freeze-	oz	85
	dried shrooms		
	coke, gram rocks	3½-gm	275
	indica buds	oz	200
	skunk buds	oz	180-200
	Mexican red-hairs,	lb	350-800
	wide range		
	Mexican hash,	¼-oz	15
	terrible taste	oz	50
	Mushrooms,	gm	6-7
	old reliable	oz	90-110
	crystal/crank,	oz	1300
	vast quantity		
	coke, till you croak	gm	100
	northern Cali-	oz	190-200
	fornia green	lb	2000-2300
	Mexican sinse,	oz	75-100
	commercial blahs	lb	750-1000
	Afghani black,	100 lbs	1400 @
	still the best	lb	1600
	white lightnin' win-	gm	4,300
	dowpane, furreal		
	coke, Argentine—	gm	115
	glowing rocks	¼-oz	600
		½-oz	1050
		oz	1950
Santa Rosa, Cal.	northern Calif.	oz	150-200
	"stash buds"	lb	2200-2400
	greenhouse buds,	lb	2000
	airy, no density		
	Swazi-Mex hybrid,	oz	125-150
	gnarly buds	lb	1300-1700
	Thai, brown and	lb	1200
	dry, no smell		
	Colombo brown,	lb	550
	el cheapo		
	Mexican brown,	lb	550
	bottom end		
	coke, "okay"	oz	1400-1600
	MDMA, one hopes	one	10
	"tristate sinse"	oz	190-200
	purple double-	one	2-3
	barreled acid		
	acid: big Doones-	one	4
	bury tabs		
	coke: "right off	gm	115-120
	the boat"		
	ruderalis extraor-	oz	300
	dinaire, reserved		
	no. Cal. purple-	oz	200-250
	kush primo	lb	2500-3000
	Thai weed,	oz	120
	"untied Thai"	¼-lb	425
	Mex sinse, not	oz	50
	yet seedless	lb	600
	LSD—purple	one	5
	micro-dot		
	coke, as always,	3½-gm	275
	ups & downs	gm	100
	meth, "biker's best,	gm	100
	not like the rest"	oz	1500
BRAZIL			
Rio de Janeiro	Cocaine, home-	gm	\$20
	processed	5-gm	100

Bahia state

Paraguayan weed,	oz	10-15
seedless gold		
Bolivian hash	gm	25
Coke, better than	gm	30
cuts in Rio	5-gm	150

CANADA (Atlantic)

"California sinse"	best from	gm	\$7-20
Provincial	out west	lb	1800-2500
homegrown	tops, excellent	gm	7-10
	when found	lb	800-1200
	leftover leaves,	gm	2-4
	mediocre	lb	400-600
	uneven quality	gm	10-20
		lb	3000-3800
Black hash, re-pressed	compressed, seedy,	gm	5-10
Colombian	fair to good	lb	1400-1800
LSD	blotter	one	4-8
	micro-dot	one	4-10
Cocaine	from very poor	gm	150-175
	to up-to-snuff	oz	3200-3600

(Pacific)

U.S. sinsemilla	turned up seedy	oz	175
	in Saskatchewan	lb	1600-2000
B.C. homegrown	red-haired buds	oz	160-200
	"good skunk weed"	1/4-oz	75
Thai weed	old-fashioned stick	3 1/2-gm	40
Black hash	good for back-	oz	300-350
	packing		
Honey oil	glistening globules	gm	65
Mushrooms	B.C. babies, un-	gm	10
	specified species	oz	175
Cocaine	stepped down	gm	200 (!)
	to 25% pure (!)		

CHINA

Kashgar hash,	beaten, not rubbed	kg	\$22
Uigyer-made			
Dali buds	varying quality,	?	free
	near Laos border		
Uigyer-made	altered states	kg	100
Kashgar hash	in Beijing		
Morphine,	stolen from	gm	2
medicinal	hospitals, army		

INDIA

Badhgaya	best around for	gm	\$1.50
(Bihar) grass	consciousness		
Varanassi buds	excellent, but	gm	1
	seeded		
Agra hash	Kashmiri, packed	gm	1
	in marble		
Delhi hash	vin ordinaire	15-gm	5
Bombay hash	same as Delhi	12-gm	5
Goa grass	diverse quality	12-gm	4-16
Jaipur grass	good smoke	12-gm	1
Jaipur hash	poor quality	12-gm	2

THAILAND

Brown stick,	disorienting,	5gm	\$1.12
in Koh Samed	buzzy		
Green stick,	sticky stick,	7 gm	1.85
in Phuket	zooming high		
in Pai		3-gm	35¢
Domestic weed,	loose and seedy,	gm	18¢
in Phuket	anemic		
in Chiang Mai		15-gm	50¢
Mushrooms,	magic-mushroom	one	1-3
in Koh Samui	omelet		
	grass cookies	one	20¢
Valium, legal	over the counter	one	10¢

TIBET

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in Lhasa	black dynamite		

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How the Federal Government Classifies Drugs: From Medical Use to Abuse Potential

DRUG REGULATION

Throughout human history and for a wide variety of reasons, different drugs have been regulated or declared culturally *non grata*. In ancient Peru's Inca civilization, coca leaves were reserved for the rulers and their friends. Tobacco was outlawed in many European countries after its importation from the New World. The Koran invoked an injunction against the use of alcohol that is vigorously enforced in many Moslem countries.

In the United States, attempts at regulating the use of psychoactive drugs began in San Francisco in 1875, when a local ordinance banned the smoking of opium by Chinese. The first serious federal law regulating drugs was the Pure Food, Drugs and Cosmetic Act of 1906, followed by the famous Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914. Other laws followed, including the Tax Act in 1937 that banned marijuana. From 1914 to 1970, a variety of statutes came onto the national, state and local books aimed at controlling this or that psychoactive substance. Probably the most notable and far-reaching of these was the Volstead Act, which became the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor until its repeal in 1933.

In 1970, the federal government enacted the Uniform Controlled Substances Act, also known as Title II, Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970, Public Law 91-513. This act replaced a hodge-podge of earlier and often conflicting federal statutes. In essence, it established five categories or "schedules" of what were considered abuse-potential substances.

This law distinguished between trafficking in the drugs under its jurisdiction and possessing them for personal use without approval or prescription. Trafficking was defined as unauthorized manufacturing, distribution or possession of a controlled drug with intent to distribute. The maximum pen-

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

alty for this was a 30-year jail sentence and a \$50,000 fine. On the other hand, the penalties for first-offense possession for personal use were a one-year jail term and/or a \$5,000 fine. The possession offense itself, for any of the five categories, was considered a misdemeanor. These penalties for possession may be doubled for a second offense. If the possessor is a minor, under 21 years of age, the penalty may be one year of probation and the subsequent destruction of all records with the court's approval.¹

The five schedules are set up on a continuum based on a balance between abuse potential and medical usefulness. The general criteria for these schedules are as follows:

SCHEDULE I

The drugs listed in Schedule I are those determined to have the highest potential for abuse and no recognized medical use, except for experimental purposes. Heroin, other nonclinical opiate analgesics, a number of psychotomimetic hallucinogens including LSD, and nonclinical stimulants, are included. Marijuana is also on Schedule One. In that the only research normally allowed with these drugs is within large institutions, there are no particular prescription procedural requirements.

SCHEDULE II

These drugs have legitimate medical uses, but possess a high potential for abuse. Most narcotics, including morphine, are listed in Schedule II, along with barbiturates and amphetamine compounds, and cocaine. Prescriptions for Schedule II drugs may be telephoned to a pharmacy only in an emergency, in which case the physician is required to provide the pharmacy with a written prescription within 72 hours. Prescriptions are void if not filled within six months and they may not be refilled. In many states, physi-

cians are required to make all Schedule II prescriptions in triplicate and forward one copy to a state enforcement agency.

SCHEDULE III

Drugs with moderate potential for abuse are on this schedule. These include nonbarbiturate sedatives, nonamphetamine stimulants and some narcotic preparations. These are viewed as having moderate or low physical-dependence potential or high psychological-dependence potential. Prescriptions for Schedule III drugs can be telephoned to a pharmacy by a physician, and can be refilled up to five times within six months if the original prescription permits.

SCHEDULE IV

These are not intravenous drugs. They are drugs with less abuse potential than Schedule III drugs, and have limited likelihood of creating physical or psychological dependence. They include some sedatives and several pain killers that don't contain narcotics: chloral hydrate, meprobamate, paraldehyde. Security and prescription requirements are the same as those for Schedule III.

SCHEDULE V

These drugs contain small amounts of narcotics and are used to control coughs and diarrhea: low-dose formulations including codeine, paregoric and other opiates. They have low potential for abuse, and may lead to limited physical or psychological dependence. Many drugs in this schedule can be bought without prescription if the buyer is over eighteen and has valid identification.²

Many states have similar schedules as the basis of their state drug enforcement structure. Often the state scheduling is more strict than the federal.

HOW SCHEDULES WORK

There are several factors

that are involved in deciding what drugs should be scheduled and in which schedule they may belong:

1. Evidence of the drug's effects on the mind and body.
2. The state of current overall scientific knowledge about the drug.
3. History and pattern of abuse.
4. Extent of abuse.
5. Risk to public health.
6. Extent of potential psychological or physical dependence.
7. The ease with which the drug in question can be converted to a drug already scheduled. (Phenyl-2-propanone, or P-2-P, is on Schedule One, for example, even though it's not a drug; it's used exclusively in the synthesis of methamphetamine.)

The decisions about which drugs belong in which schedule involve several agencies. The Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) make preliminary evaluations and recommendations. After this, the DEA conducts hearings so that the manufacturers and interested parties can comment on the recommendations. If an administrative law judge drafts an order placing a drug on a schedule, the order becomes effective immediately.

There is some movement currently to create a new category for experimental psychoactive drugs with low abuse potential, no established medical uses but high therapeutic potential, so that these drugs may possibly be used in treatment-centered research. The methoxylated amphetamine MDMA, currently undergoing DEA/FDA review for scheduling, may fall into this category. (See chart of common drugs and schedule penalties on page 22.)

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Crackdown

A Grower Speaks Out

by William Meyers

Photos by Steve Cooper

Look at a relief map of California, and you can clearly see the long, almost preternaturally straight line of the San Andreas earthquake fault, rising somewhere east of Los Angeles in the Mojave Desert and slicing northwestward for hundreds of miles through the mountains of the Coast Range. The faultline transects the San Francisco and Marin peninsulas, whose point of closest approach forms the Golden Gate; then continues its unvarying course through the Olema Valley, up the Sonoma County coast, and at Point Arena, passes out to sea. Only after another 110 submarine miles does it visibly emerge again, at Cape Mendocino—the westernmost point of California—before disappearing into the northern Pacific.



● *The logged-over hills of Humboldt County have provided an ideal environment for growing illegal herb.*

It's estimated that the earth has been in upheaval along this major fracture zone—where the two geological plates of the Pacific basin and the North American continent are in frictional collision—for at least 20 million years. The tremors from the constant “creep” of an inch and a half a year can be felt, to some degree, every day. The strain is always cumulative, and, at varying but theoretically predictable intervals, it's released suddenly and violently. In 1857, fissures as long as 40 miles opened up, and the earth was displaced in places (the Pacific side moved northward) by as much as 30 feet. In 1906, half the city of San Francisco was destroyed by such an earthquake.

In 1982, just before dawn, a large tremor emanating from that dark canyon in the ocean between Point Arena and Cape Mendocino and west of the coastal King Range, could be felt throughout Humboldt County. South of Eureka, a freeway overpass collapsed, blocking whatever traffic there was on U.S. 101.

High atop the King Range, and asleep in bed, the Sinsemilla Farmer and his wife were awakened by the sound of rocks rolling down the hillside, and the entire

frame of the house around them creaking and popping in a most unsettling way. Thinking only of the massive foundation they had laid under their house and whether or not the whole thing might be sliding, the Farmer and his wife clung to each other until the force over which they knew they had absolutely no control subsided at last, and the deep subterranean rumble lapsed into quiet.

That was his peak year, the Sinsemilla Farmer now realizes—the year he sold 35 pounds of manicured buds out the front door, at \$1,600 to \$2,000 a pound, and made enough to have achieved an independent income from growing high-grade marijuana—if that had been his aim. It was the year he and his wife were able to afford to open the organic garden-supply store down in the town of Manzanita as an investment in their not-so-certain future. Things were going so well for a while that they put some of their money into another piece of land, for leasing out to a sharecropper friend, and even rented a house in Mexico for chilling out over the rainy winter months.

Here, in the large living room of their mountaintop house and during the height of the growing season, they'd hired a bunch of migrant manicurists to clip and trim the pungent product at an hourly wage that was better than anything they could find in town. Even the people most vehemently against pot had to admit that, with the Farmers' garden-supply store, their two pieces of property on either side of the county with the taxes they paid on them, and the number of people they had helped to support with their wages and their business, they'd made a pretty fair contribution to the local economy.

And now? In April of 1985—everything is changed. The bright living room seems more spacious without the drying plants hanging from the ceiling and the mounds of buds among the manicurists on the floor. Everything is comfortably and immaculately furnished now in late-hippie, down-home décor. The radio quietly cooks with a program of pop music of past decades that, at this altitude, you can tune in from Fort Bragg, 100 miles down the coast. And we sit, drinking

the Farmers' favorite wine, from a winery a few ridges over, watching the sun go down in splendor behind a distant, roseate bank of Pacific Ocean fog.

We have just climbed up an incredibly steep slope, which, having been logged before the Farmer bought his land, gives his house its year-round, panoramic view, of both sunrise and sunset. We've seen his self-sufficient energy set-up, with the methane generator down the hill by the outhouse, the windmill on the hilltop and the photovoltaic solar panels on the roof supplying all the good-karma electrical energy they could ever need. And we've noticed that, even now in early spring, the vegetable garden behind the house is looking juicy and luxuriant from the Sinsemilla Farmer's customary magic touch with growing things.

But the plants of utmost interest—this year's *cannabis indica* starts—are in the greenhouse: a bunch of one- to two-feet high, translucent-green seedlings in individual pots. Looking vibrant and healthy in the sunlight coming through the opaque, fiberglass roof, they're just on the verge of flowering, and ready to transplant. But there are only about thirty in all—and the males haven't even been identified and pulled out yet.

Is that all then? Are there others, stashed elsewhere? The Sinsemilla Farmer, it seems, is only prepared to grow maybe 15 or 20 plants this year, not a whole lot more than the maximum of 10 for "personal use" that's the current, informally but officially declared limit for avoiding harassment by the heat. Even accounting for the refinement of his horticultural techniques over the years to the point where he can now get more pounds of manicured buds from one plant than one would think possible, it's a drastic cutback from the level of two seasons past.

So the truth comes out. This is his last year of sinsemilla cultivation in Humboldt County. He'll either quit growing entirely, in order to go on living here, or he's going to pick up and move out.

With that, the Sinsemilla Farmer fires up the colossal joint he's been rolling—almost a spliff—from a stash of his choicest buds. The smoke curls languorously in the air around his head, and after a mere couple of tokes the oils from the crushed and resinous bud are staining the joint paper. It's the finest of *indica*

sinsemilla—the best buds he knows of in the county.

We pass the joint. Under the circumstances, we get cosmically ripped.

Rivers of fog, tinted violet by the sunset, are moving in from the ocean and spilling over the smaller hills. The whole undulant landscape of grassy mountain meadows and dark, forest-filled ravines is glowing a dull red now, and the shadows in the room are darkening.

With the kind of appreciation of good pot that the Sinsemilla Farmer has, we wonder how he can even consider quitting what is obviously his calling. He could take on any kind of job, of course, involving agricultural know-how—or construction skills, for that matter. But we've seen him doing this growing thing for seven years now, always getting better at it, always doing better with it—a plant geneticist of the people—basically because he loves smoking it: loves getting stoned on the best, and turning people on to the best. He believes in it. It's his astral ally—his healing herb.

There were times, in years past, when we had seen him in the midst of the harvest, with his long hair and beard full of leaf trimmings and his hands and fingers stained bright green from days of cutting and picking and manicuring, when he seemed to embody the very essence of cannabis—the happiest kind of wedding of psy-

Nothing
approaches
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grown
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sinsemilla.

chedelic substance with human form.

He also likes to make money when he can, and, if possible, have a lot of it around in reserve. All very typically American—a quality common to both growers and corporate executives—and especially for someone with a wife, an ex-wife and four kids in all to help support. But, brought up as a Presbyterian Kansas farmer's son and trained to derive the utmost return from the utmost effort, he'd probably be industrious at whatever he did.

Still—however big and juicy you grow your organic vegetables, for whatever rip-off price you can get for them in San Francisco, there is *nothing* you can grow that even approaches the profit margin of lovingly grown *marijuana sinsemilla*. Given that fact, what could have possibly brought our increasingly productive and successful Sinsemilla Farmer to make his sudden decision to stop growing?

Any regular reader of HIGH TIMES will be familiar by now with the depredations of California's Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP), funded by Ronald Reagan's Justice Department and implemented with enthusiasm by California's Republican Governor Deukmejian and his Attorney General, John Van de Kamp. Up and down the north coast of California, but concentrating on Humboldt County, armed troopers and 'copter jocks were allowed to run amok and terrorize the general populace in the course of their crop confiscations. [June and July '85 HIGH TIMES.]

Last October, the CAMP forces were formally enjoined from engaging in activities that are in clear violation of constitutionally protected civil liberties (such as having your property invaded and searched without a warrant, should your property happen to be near a marijuana plant). As of May of this year, that injunction is still in effect. CAMP's recent appeal, at the beginning of the new growing season, to have the injunction overturned, was summarily rejected.

Bear in mind that, although it has such practical advantages for growers and nongrowers alike as preventing helicopters from hovering closer than 500 feet over one's house, the injunction is only a disciplinary corrective for a campaign that has already begun again this year in full force.

"I don't see any future in growing marijuana this way anymore," says the Sinsemilla Farmer, in tones reminiscent of laments for the

passing of the Haight-Ashbury. "Not around here anyway. The government is against it, and it's been made too big a risk to grow it—especially here."

But isn't that just a temporary condition? Isn't it just a matter of waiting for the conservative tide to ebb?

"Humboldt County will never go back to being what it used to," he says. "The general feeling is that everybody's cutting back or not growing at all—or moving out. All the bigger, more mercenary type of growers are looking for other places to move to. They won't come back—they know their roll is over. And then there's a lot of people like us who would just as soon get out of all commercial growing in order to go on living here—but can't afford it otherwise."

Could that mean the Farmer himself is planning to move away from Humboldt County, after spending the last eight years putting together this beautiful spread—this independent, life-supporting, new-age microbiosphere? What about his house, every one of whose heavy timbers and joists he's had to haul out from town and up miles of winding dirt road to the top of this mountain? What about the 2,000-gallon irrigation tank he's built around the spring and into the hillside out of concrete blocks? Can he just turn his back on the hard-won fruits of these labors? Can he just walk away from all this?

Not if the Farmer's wife can help it. She was brought up Irish Catholic, in the row-house slums of Baltimore, and has escaped a bleak east-coast scene that, from her current point of view, might as well be Lebanon. Having two kids of her own—and four when the Farmer's two older ones are visiting—she's not all that averse to giving up the built-in paranoia of growing pot. They're both vegetarians and subsist on organically grown vegetables, so why not grow *them* for a living and stop sweating spotter planes?

She turns us on to medjool dates—oversized sweet globs of explosive energy for our cannabinolized brain chemistry. And the Farmer rolls up another number.

They obviously haven't resolved the issue. They love the land and their home and the community of growers that's evolved here in this part of the country. Having followed an unbroken thread from the psychedelic revolution of past decades to the agrarian independence and voluntary simplicity of today's northwest-coast communities, they feel most at home in a community of people who have not only put



● *The Farmer shows us an early bloomer. Is it a boy or a girl?*

their energy into growing marijuana but have allied themselves with the politics of the preservation of the earth and respect for all life. They know no one, except maybe transient "river people" in town or shadowy absentee landowners, for whom smoking marijuana or making money growing it is the single or even most important reason for being here.

\$ 2.1 million was spent this year to employ 600 people to eradicate over 150,000 marijuana plants in the State of California. Of that number, slightly over 100,000 were growing in Humboldt County. Out of the 114 people actually arrested in connection with the confiscations of pot, 53 of those arrests took place in that county alone. CAMP's claim to have cleansed the county of 25 to 40 percent of its annual crop is confirmed by growers to be true only of specific, "scoured" local areas—such as the town of Manzanita, site of the Farmers' store. In such locations, many families have already moved out, school enrollments have declined, and businesses such as the Farmers' have been folding.

It has become obvious to everyone that, due to its media-hyped reputation as the very hotbed of flagrant growing, Humboldt County has been singled out for a concentrated antidope blitzkrieg—as a media display, some say, for the Latin American countries whom the DEA is pressuring into taking similar measures—but most certainly as a taxpayer ripoff for the right-wing advocates of militant law-enforcement who helped to re-elect Ronald Reagan. As we watch the pattern of persecution repeat itself as it has so many times in the past, we can

come to no other conclusion than that the marijuana-smoking and growing-based subculture of the North Coast has attracted this kind of heat because it presents the threat of not only an alternative economy but one for whom old social barriers and ideological allegiances have crumbled. This is what really scares them about marijuana-growing and has convinced the feds that the subculture itself must be nipped in the bud: because the ethics and politics of the most highly evolved grower community in the country are basically opposed to those of Reagan's resurrected American Empire.

Once CAMP got underway during the harvest season of 1983, the Sinsemilla Farmer and his wife knew it was time to convert whatever investments they had into cash and keep as low a profile as possible. They cut loose of their rental in Mexico, and were hot to sell their extra piece of land but decided to hold on to it mainly because the couple who were renting it from them—the Stalwart Sharecropper and his lady—were good friends, and were trying to get it together to buy the land. So the Farmers let them live and grow on it for another year, and grew a crop on their own land about half the size and more spread out than the previous year's, trusting to their collective luck and smarts to get them through the season.

The Farmer's land was remote from everything—up at the end of a 10-mile dirt road that traversed some of the more breathtaking sheer escarpments of the King Range. Anyone intent on busting him would have to plan on at

least a two-hour trip in a four-wheel drive just to reach him. Doubly cautious after the last year's raids, he adopted the most discreet planting pattern possible, placing his plants in individual grow-holes he'd dug in the sunnier patches of the woods. Everything stayed cool there that year—not even an attempted rip-off by a teenager or town boozier.

But late in September, he got word from the Sharecropper that CAMP was in the area, and it could be a matter of days, or even hours, before they hit the small field where he had his patch of about 75 plants (a not so discreet planting pattern). So the Farmer headed down to the Alder Creek area for a little premature harvesting.

He and the Sharecropper went alone together in the Sharecropper's flatbed. Everything was still there as they'd left it, hemmed in all around by reddening madrone and poison oak, and humming with insects in the hot afternoon, but otherwise quiet. They had cut down about 45 of the 75 plants, according to the Farmer, and had loaded them onto the flatbed when they suddenly stopped still and agreed that they could hear truck engines not far away in the woods. Then—very faintly—the sound of men's voices.

The road they had used to come on to the property was the less accessible "back way" where they were less likely to run into paramilitary types. So when they found themselves back in the truck on top of a huge adrenalin rush, they drove back up the wooded hillside, the same way they came in. Through the window of the truck and through the trees, the Farmer could

see the khaki uniforms of some men coming onto the field even as the truck was climbing the hill.

Just before it got to the top, though, the straining and still cold engine coughed out. The Stalwart Sharecropper put the floor-stick in neutral to restart the truck, but it wouldn't start. "Fuck!" said the Sharecropper. It was all telepathic, and happened in what seemed like either a split-second or a timeless space. They both knew there was a leak in the hydraulic brake line, and the truck hadn't had an emergency brake in years. The Sharecropper was stretched out straight and stiff as a board with his foot crammed against the brake pedal, but the pedal just sank to the floor. *The truck started rolling back down the hill toward the field.*

As the Sharecropper tried desperately to shove the floor-stick into gear, the Farmer could see their only chance was to do what he did: He grabbed up the 50-pound concrete block that they kept with them for parking on hills, threw open the door and jumped out with it. When he hit the ground, he knew he'd torn the ligaments in his right knee, and tried to keep from crying out with the pain as he lunged back toward the truck and rammed the block behind the rolling front wheel. The truck was moving so fast that it almost completely bounced over the concrete block. But it didn't. It crashed back on the uphill side and stopped.

The sound of a helicopter engine came wafting through the woods at that point. As the Farmer was lying in the ditch by the side of the road, clutching his knee, he could see,

through the blur of his tears, the chopper passing over the treetops in its descent to the field for the pickup of the contraband load. He says he can remember thinking to himself, "What the fuck am I doing here?"

After much cursing and choking of engine, the Sharecropper got his truck started at last, pulled the Farmer inside and took off over the hill. He forgot the concrete block, but he didn't go back for it.

In addition to its achievements on the paramilitary front, the U.S. government has begun to revive some of its favorite old methods from the Vietnam years for generating paranoia from within. As evidence for this, we cite these recent developments:

- On October 12, 1984, a new federal law—the Comprehensive Crime Bill—was enacted in California, allowing the government to confiscate any property where marijuana is cultivated, if the grower is convicted of a felony. Cultivation of marijuana for commercial sales is, of course, a felony.

Five days after the law was enacted, helicopter-borne federal agents descended on a 208-acre ranch in Mendocino County (the next one south of Humboldt). There they busted Rique Kuru and his wife Natasha, owners of the ranch, for growing 52 marijuana plants and holding one pound of packaged pot.

In the opinion of their attorney, Ron Sinoway, the scope (or amount) of land forfeiture could have been minimized—or the felony charges reduced to the misdemeanor level and the forfeiture averted entirely. His case was made irrelevant, however, as the government, just before the impending trial, offered a plea-bargain too tempting for the Kurus to refuse: all marijuana-cultivation charges, both misdemeanor and felony, subjecting them to the prospect of two to thirty years in prison, would be dropped if they agreed to surrender all legal claims to their property to the federal government. Having lived on the property for only a year, their total equity representing only \$20,000, the couple was moved by this powerfully persuasive offer and readily accepted.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Peter Robinson, orchestrator of the deal and chief expeditor of California's stepped-up rate of pot-bust convictions, announced in San Francisco that the Kurus' property would be auctioned off, the \$95,000 mortgage paid, and the remainder of the proceeds turned over to the Mendocino County sheriff's office to finance further marijuana-eradication efforts. (To the



● A bevy of "starts" hanging out in the greenhouse.

government's chagrin, however, the public auction which was held on May 20th elicited only two offers from the unruly crowd gathered on Ukiah's courthouse steps—one for ten cents, and the other for thirty pieces of silver.)

● In March of this year, about 50 residents of southern Humboldt County received photocopied letters in the mail, postmarked Virginia and signed "Om Shanti." They were warned that extensive personal profiles of at least 500 people suspected to be major marijuana growers were being compiled, and that in the coming months the data would be made available to the new Grand Jury being seated in Eureka for investigation of the grass-growing scene. They were also warned that the government would be simultaneously attempting a variety of methods to spread fear, distrust and paranoia within the community.

As of May, some residents had been notified by the IRS itself that they were under investigation.

● Financial records of many car (and especially van and truck) dealerships, real estate companies, and travel agencies in southern Humboldt County have indeed already been subpoenaed by the federal government, in preparation for what is anticipated to be a campaign in conjunction with the IRS to indict growers on tax-evasion charges. Helplessly compromised, many of the local businesses in the area now suffer from the reluctance of their customers to expose themselves to further violations of their privacy.

In the meantime, there's a lot of money made from sinsemilla-farming frozen in proxy mortgages. Or buried out there in the hills. Or being laundered in some entirely other part of the world. Or being spent on cocaine...

All of us are seated now in the Sinsemilla Farmer's rooftop, solar-heated hot tub—the Farmers, the Sharecroppers, and the two of us from far-away New York. Unusually early this year after a dry winter, California's already hot inland valleys have begun their annual cycle of drawing the ocean's cool fog into all the valleys and hollows and low-lying recesses of the coastal mountains. The fog is just below us and all around us—above us, the stars. In the distance, other mountaintops protrude from the moving, billowing fogbank, like islands in a grey sea. Out in the remotest audible reaches is the roar of surf.

The water is still hot, even late at night, and the Farmer sighs with relief as he massages his knee—which he strained again only recently while he

was trying to pull one of his goats out of the garden. We pass around the latest spliff, using a chopstick roach-clip to keep it from getting any wetter than the night air has already left it.

"I guess the crackdown was inevitable," he says. "Given all the circumstances involved, I'm not really surprised by it. The feds have probably concentrated in this area because of all the publicity in the media, which they have to respond to. What they most want to do is come here and rip up thousands of pot plants, and make sure it's shown on TV, so they can say, 'Here is this terrible problem—and here we are.' But then, of course, there's also what's going on here."

So what's going on here? For one thing, the evolution of a whole community whose economy is based on growing—a community which has at-

Northern California marijuana growers must leave or fight back.

tracted a diversity of people from all over the country, but whose politics is predetermined by the illegality of its livelihood. Independence from the system has become the guiding principle for every homestead family, resulting in self-sufficient energy setups for every home; organic grocery and garden-supply cooperatives; grower-built and maintained schools and clinics; and a soft-spoken but widespread network of midwives for home birthing, itself an illegal activity subject to state prosecution. And yet the ties to the parent culture are deep-rooted and powerful—it's unavoidably where the money comes from, not to mention all the things so often attendant upon acquiring lots of money all at once.

We ask innocently enough, yet knowing full well it's the kind of question a HIGH TIMES interviewer would

feel obliged to ask, "Is there more tooting up going on around here than there used to be?" Putting out this charged subject into our hot-tubbed group mind is like throwing a turd in the punchbowl. It brings out strong convictions.

"Cocaine?" says the Sinsemilla Farmer. "Some people are quitting smoking because they're doing coke, and just growing so they can afford it. And then other square-type people are hearing about it through the media and lumping the whole drug scene together like it was one thing, and using the coke scene to condemn the grass scene. They've seen what happens to addicts, of course. The whole thing is a turn-off."

"The problem we have around here is not like the one you'd have in Oakland or New York. Most of these growers can afford their habits. But that's the problem—they usually end up taking themselves out of the action. Maybe they 'base out, and you never hear from them again. Coke tends to make you self-absorbed and into your own trip. Remember how speed and smack destroyed the Haight? If there is anything that has contributed more than CAMP to the breakdown of this community over the last few years, it's coke. The heat couldn't have planted a better weapon for their purposes. It's a vital weakness they're already exploiting."

The Farmer says that he tried coke for a while but didn't like the way it made his body uptight, so he avoided it thereafter.

The Sharecropper's Lady says she likes it, really, but has the strength of will to do without it. "It's not hard to stay away from it once you see what it's doing to your friends," she says.

"Personally," says the Farmer's wife, betraying her east-coast upbringing, "I think I could even quit smoking grass if I was convinced it would make me more productive."

"You could get more uptight, too, being that productive," admonishes the smiling Farmer, always the defender of the sacrament. "And that could lead on to harder stuff."

We can think of another thing going on here besides pot-farming and coke-snorting that, while admirable and appropriate, could attract just as much heat in the long run: the radicalization of political consciousness that is occurring all over the region, as invariably happens wherever in the

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The California State of Mind

Compiled by Ann Summa, F. Stop Fitzgerald and Dan Zedek



Photo by Claudia Kunin

California is more than a state—it's a state of mind.

California is, in many ways, the most liberal—and liberated—state in America, but it's also the state that launched Ronald Reagan's political career (not to mention Richard Nixon's). California is est and the John Birch Society, the mighty L.A. Lakers and the hapless Golden State Warriors, Rod McKuen and Charles Manson.

California is the state at the farthest edge of America, sociologically as well as geographically. Trends, fads and fashions start here and move eastward. New York may be the epicenter of high society, high culture and high fashion, but for pop culture and mass trends, California is it.

The California state of mind can't be summed up in the space of a few paragraphs or even pages, but since a picture is said to be worth a thousand words, we've decided to convey the essence of the phenomenon in photos by some of the West Coast's finest photographers. Here then are 23,000 words, photographically speaking, that offer a good look at the California state of mind.



Photo by Dave Patrick

Photo by Glen E. Friedman / Straight Edge

No state is more identified as a hotbed of outdoor activities than California. Just about every major participatory sport in the last half of the twentieth century either originated or came to the fore in the Golden State: surfing, skateboarding, hang gliding, skydiv-

ing, boardsailing, frisbee, hackysack, dirtbiking, BMX racing, go-carting—you name it. Outdoor activities are more than a pastime in California—they're a way of life, whether it's ridin' the waves in San Diego (below) or pulling a rad skateboarding maneuver,

such as the one L.A. thrasher Christian Hosoi demonstrates on the facing page. And let's not forget the more leisurely outdoor activities, such as sunning one's buns—and the rest of the bod—at San Diego's legendary Black's Beach (above).

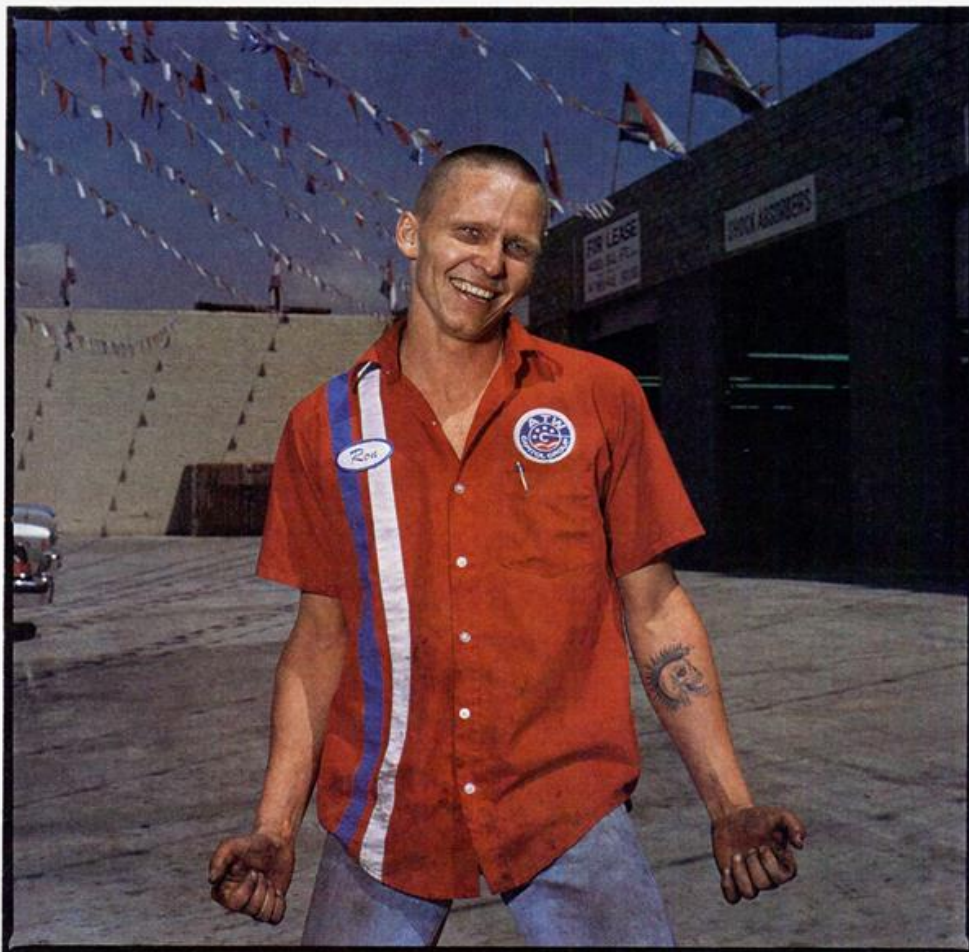


Photo by Jeff Divine





Photo by Jeff Scales



California is a bastion of individualism—some might say screwballism—where the right to be different is not just tolerated, it's revered. Proud car guys like Ron (bottom left, outside the tire store in La Brea where he works), gracefully aging Chinese Go-players, spike-haired Hollywood punks who charge tourists to take their picture—all are part of the human mosaic that gives California its special exuberance.

For some, individuality is a lifestyle, for others, it's a life's work, for a few, it is life itself. For L.A.'s Rodney Bingenheimer (top left, displaying his collection of Brooke Shields memorabilia), it is all three. Rodney has been in the vanguard of every hip lifestyle in Hollywood since the mid-'60s—as "Mayor of Sunset Strip" in the pre-hippie, go-go period; as unabashed hypster for the L.A. psychedelic sound (Love, The Seeds, The Doors, etc.); as host of *Rodney's*, L.A.'s premier rock club during the Bowie-influenced glitter period of the early '70s; as tireless advocate of punk and new wave in the mid-to-late '70s; and finally as L.A.'s greatest disc jockey, whose weekend show on trendy KROQ offers an unmatched mélange of new and old garage bands, psychedelic sounds from the '60s and the '80s (Rodney was the first to give airplay to the "paisley underground" bands), hardcore punk (from Sex Pistols to Suicidal Tendencies), girl groups, TV and movie music, and tacky classics (Annette Funicello is a Rodney fave). In the pop culture scene, Rodney Bingenheimer is L.A.

Photo by Claudia Kunin



Photo by Mark Chester

Photo by Ann Summa



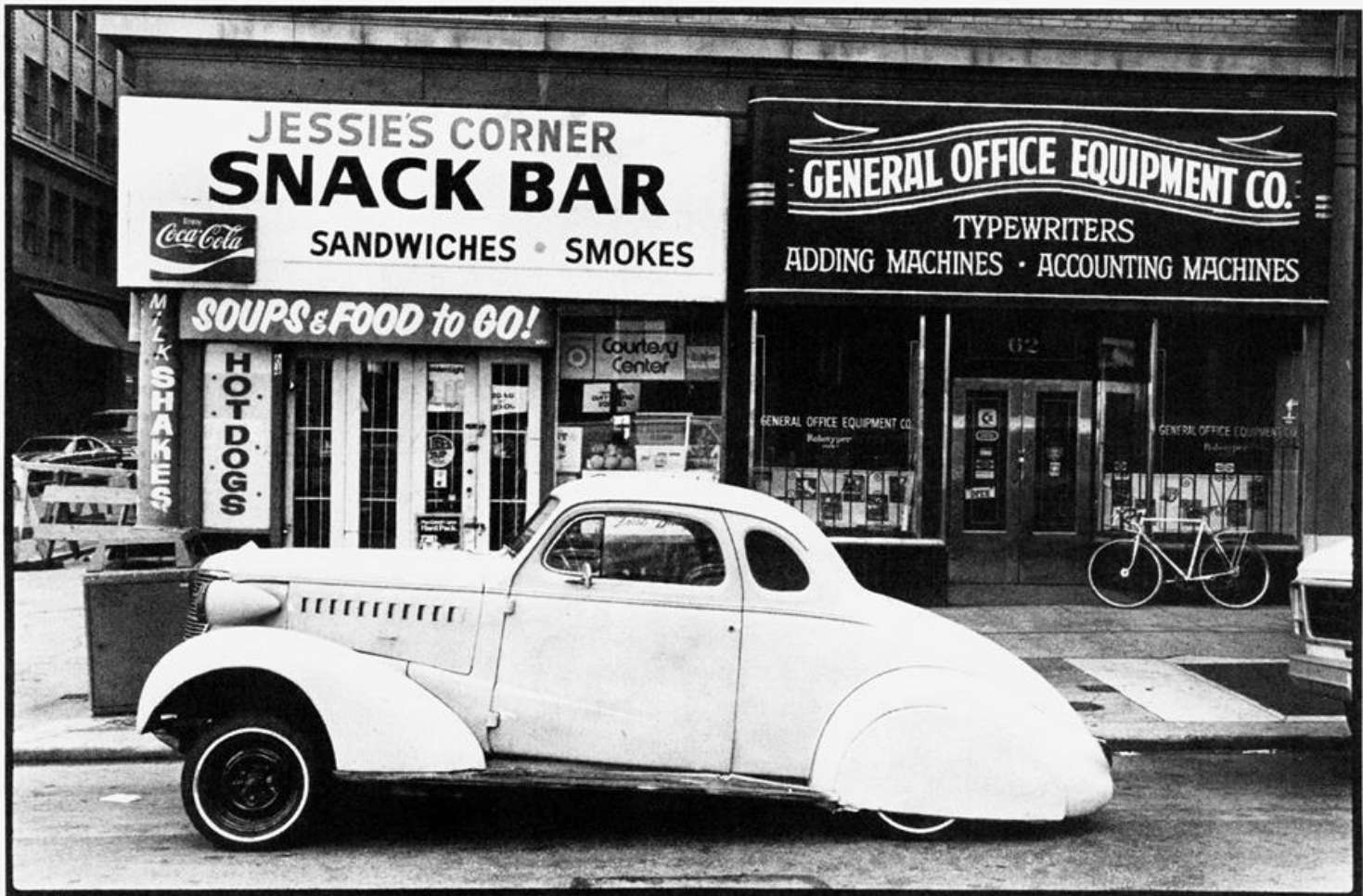


Photo by Dennis Hearne

Visit California and you'll find yourself constantly stopping to gaze at quirky visual tableaux, sights

that catch the eye for unexplainable reasons. What is it about the above scene in downtown San Francisco or

the underwater shot of the Olympic swim team in Irvine that arrests the eye? It's California, that's what!



Photo by Budd Symes

Photo by Ruth Morgan



California's prison population is the largest in the United States. The state's maximum security slammer are teeming with frustration, hatred and racial antagonism. Outbreaks of violence, especially along racial lines, are almost an everyday occurrence in such hardcore joints as San Quentin

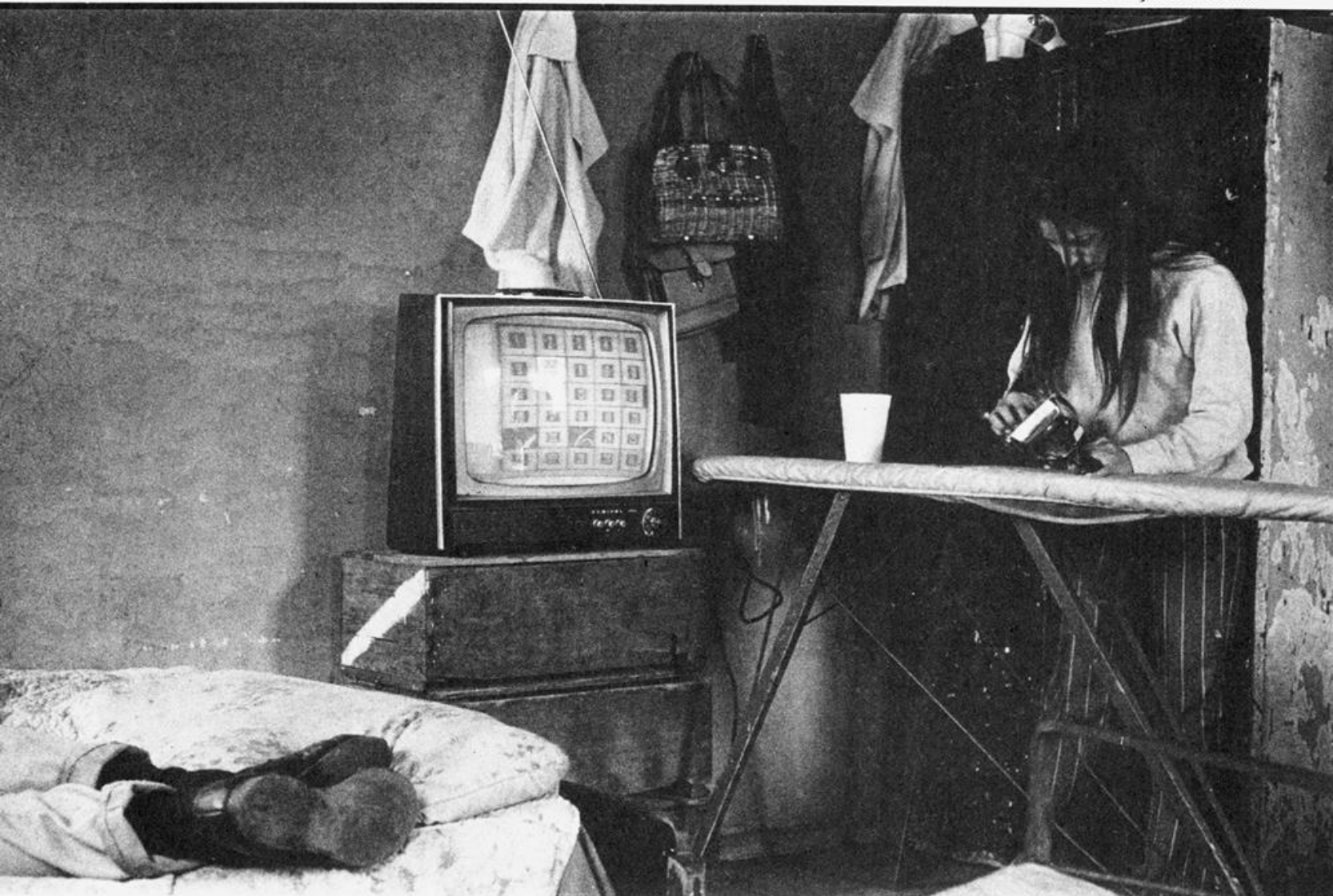
(above), Folsom and Soledad. Inmates have organized into racial gangs such as the Aryan Brotherhood, Mexican Mafia and any number of black groups. The prisons are overcrowded to the bursting point, taxpayers are loathe to approve bond issues necessary for the construction of new penitentiaries.

Instead they back law 'n' order candidates like Governor George "Duke" Deukmejian and Attorney General John Van de Kamp, who promise stiffer sentences and the restoration of the death penalty. And so the prison situation worsens, and the future becomes increasingly ominous.



As Mexico's economic situation grows ever more dire, the flood of illegal immigrants (*los ilegales*) across the California border increases dramatically. The perils and dehumanization *los ilegales* endure (such as the crammed car trunk at left) to enter California's promised land—not to mention the large sums of money they often pay to sleazy smugglers who traffic in human lives—are rewarded by exploitation in farm fields and sweat shops and by degrading living conditions like those pictured below. Still they come . . . and come . . .

Photo by Morrie Camhi



California is far and away the country's largest agricultural producer, its annual crop outstripping that of most countries. The staggering size of the state's agricultural output is represented, California-style, by the huge artichoke sculpture that is the pride of Castroville, "Artichoke Capital of the World." You won't find any giant marijuana sculptures in Northern California to commemorate what is now believed to be the state's number one cash crop. (NORML's estimate for the value of the '84 crop is \$2 billion!) What you *will* find—if you're lucky enough to know a pot grower—are sophisticated indoor growing setups like the one pictured here and marijuana farms ranging from backyard gardens to multi-acre megafarms.



Photo by Steve Cooper

Photo by Sherry Rayn Barnett

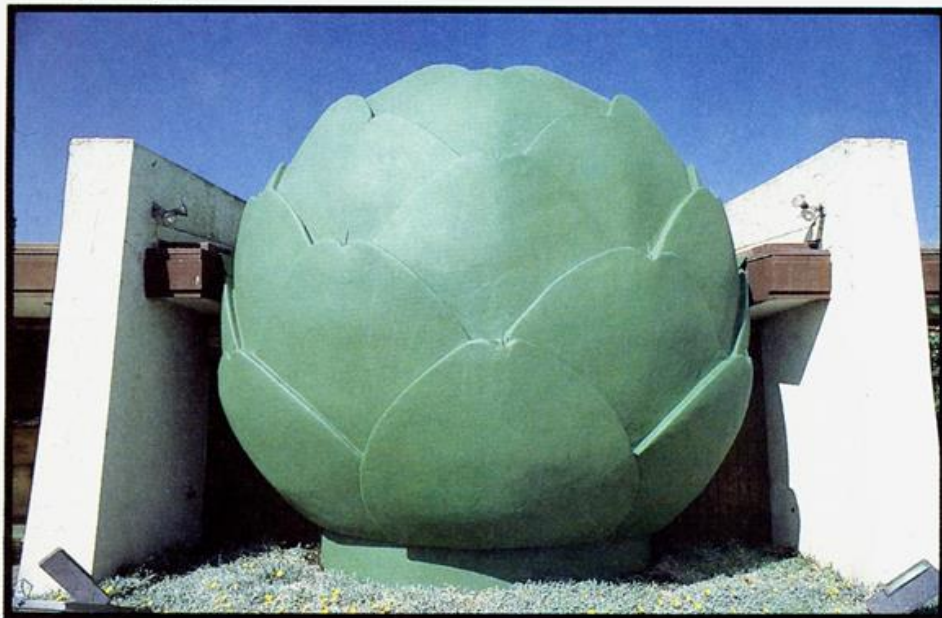




Photo by Ann Summa

California is the lifestyle capital of the planet, harboring within its borders every conceivable manner of human-pursuit-turned-*raison-d'être*: latter-day hippies, leftover punks, valley girls, musclemen, yuppies, surfers, hotrodders, bikers, lowriders, street-people, sun worshippers, est followers,

Scientologists, Jesus freaks, Krishnas, Moonies, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. They can be found roller-skating on the Venice Beach boardwalk (below), breakin' on Hollywood Boulevard (above), gay-pride-parading in the streets of San Francisco (like the festive lesbian bikers pictured top

right), or strumming a nouveau hippie boogie in the woods of Marin County (bottom, far right). Californians are kooky, kinky, groovy and positively off in a world of their own, but they are never, ever dull. For to be boring is the cardinal sin of California.



Photo by Dave Patrick

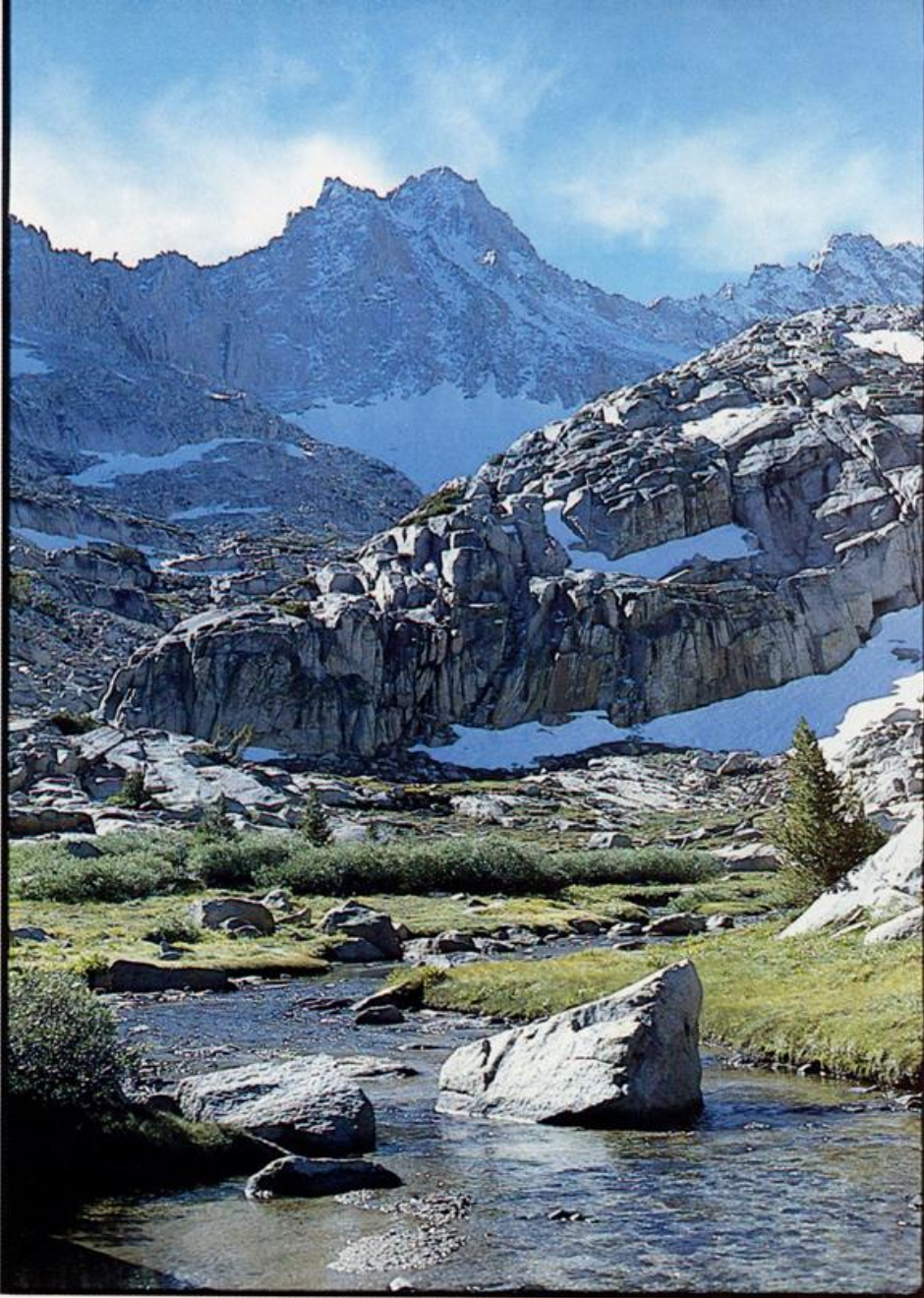


Photo by Paul Margolies

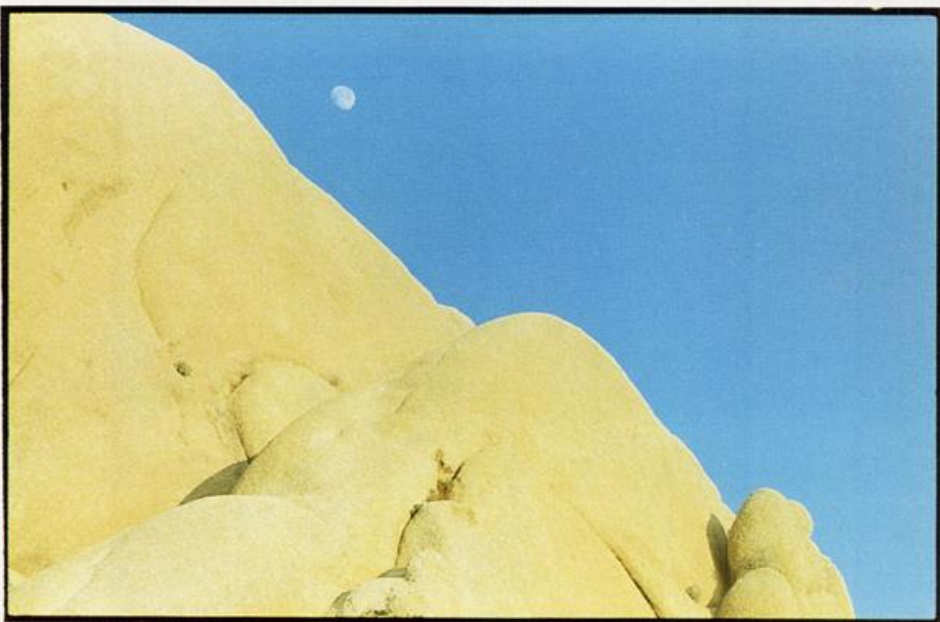


Photo by Ann Summa

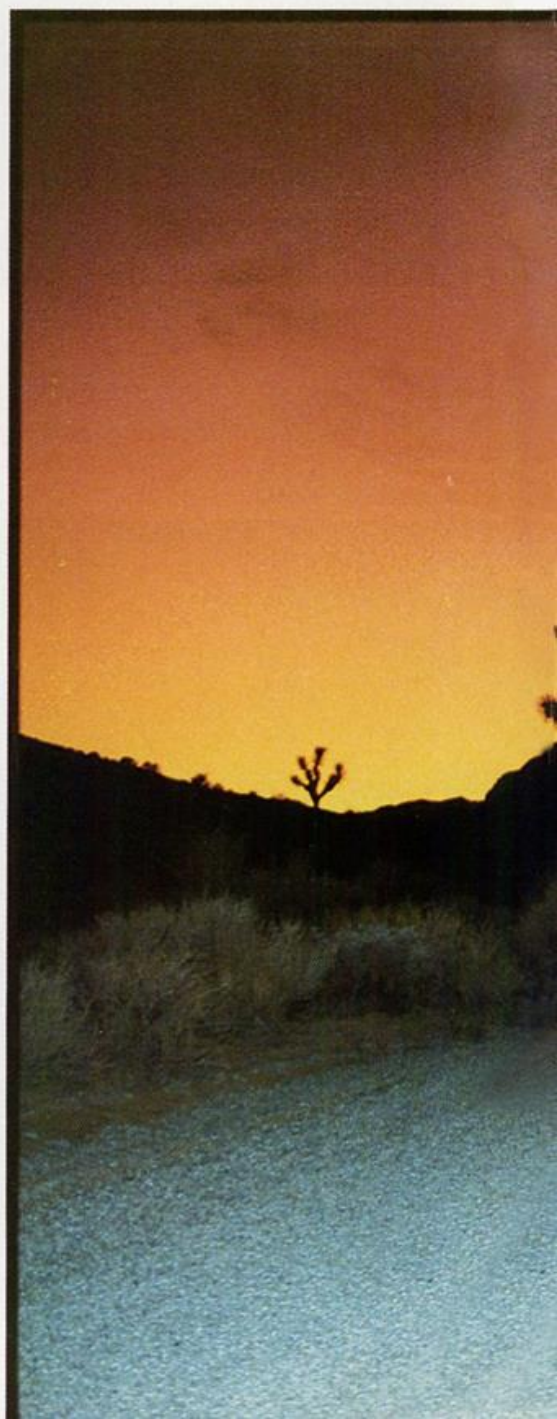




Photos by Sherry Rayn Barnett



California is nature in all its spectacular, awe-inspiring grandeur. While some states are renowned for jagged mountain ranges, others for vast deserts, others for the majestic cliffs that line the coast, California is all of the above and much, much more. To drive down Route 1 along the California coast is to witness Mother Nature at the peak of her artistry. Ditto the wine country of Northern California, the gorgeous vistas of the San Francisco Bay, the splendor of



Lake Tahoe, and, pictured here, the Sunset Lakes in the Sierra Nevada (top left), the Joshua Tree National Monument (bottom left), the coast at Monterey (top right) and the Mojave Desert (bottom right). One must pass through the vast, mysterious Mojave when traveling from the bright lights of L.A. to the even gaudier cityscape of Las Vegas, and that juxtaposition seems as fitting a way as any of summing up the state at the edge of America.



Have a heavy visual hit of California's leading agricultural product—juicy, manicured budlets of marijuana sinsemilla.

Photo by Steve Cooper





Grow Tips Galore!

by Ed Rosenthal

THIS COLUMN BEGINS the third year of the "Ask Ed" series. Once again, I want to thank all of you for your kind words and support. Your tips

and comments have given me many insights, and helped me keep in touch.

The sophistication of the average grower has increased considerably. I have visited legal commercial greenhouses and have observed their techniques. Although they use more

automated systems, the cutting edge of intensive crop yield technology is to be found in the cottage marijuana cultivation industry. Marijuana growers were the first to use metal halides, tracking systems for lights and small-scale hydroponics. Growers pioneered in the use of totally artificial light sources for crop growth.

Recently several growers have shown me some gardens which flourish under unusual conditions. These high-performing indoor mini-farms may very well find a place in mainstream agriculture.

Dear Ed,

I recently got hired at a factory. I worked two weeks before they gave me a physical. The next time I went to work they told me they found traces of marijuana in my urine. They gave me a drug screen test. I even stopped smoking for about five days and drank a lot of fluids to clear my system of anything.

It didn't work. I lost my job. I had really worked hard too. Losing my job was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me. What I want to find out is, is there any way to get rid of traces of marijuana before you take a physical? I was going to go for another job, but I'm afraid they

will find the same thing. I wouldn't want to go through that again. I never even told my family why I lost my job.

I don't think what you do on your own time should be anyone else's business. I wish there was something I could do. I just feel helpless! I hope that your readers who are looking for jobs don't run into the same thing I did.

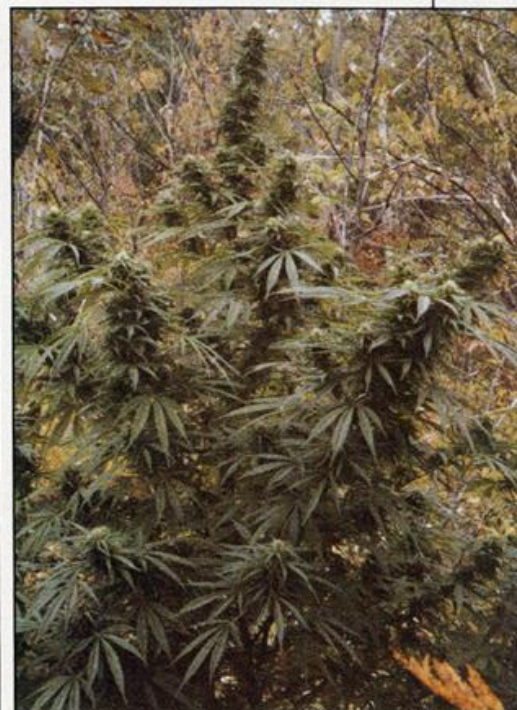
—Very Hurt

Dayton, Ohio

You are a victim of the creeping fascism which is entwining itself through our daily lives. Its proponents seek to enforce conformity of thought and behavior. Anyone who falls outside their narrow category is relegated to second-class status. Part of the plan is to demoralize their opponents, needless to say, all of the alternative cultures in the U.S.: punk, gay, black, hippie—all fall outside the establishment's notion of what's acceptable.

Marijuana is a double-edged sword. On the one hand, the herb can help one to accept many of the hard rocks of life. On the other hand, it can radicalize people when they are confronted with injustice, and made victims of the most awful kinds of discrimination.

Urine tests are now mandatory in the armed services, in parole/probation, and by hundreds of employers. Experts warn that there's nothing you can take internally, like vinegar, which will foil the tests. However, if you can just drop a small handful—about eight or ten grams—of common table salt into the urine cup along with your sample, that'll "blank" the sample and guarantee a "no drug" result. A small amount of household ammonia, or anything else that changes the pH factor out of the human range, will do this. Unless, of course, the piss-testing machine itself is contaminated...



● Plant of the Month

1984 was my third growing season and what a fine one it was. I planted two strains, an Afghani and an Afghani/Mex cross. The cross was one year old at harvest and stood seven and a half feet tall and four feet across and yielded over a pound of primo bud. Not bad for western Massachusetts. I grow year 'round, taking clones before harvest so I can maintain the strain without male problems.

I submitted photos from two other growing seasons. How about a chance to show my stuff?

—J.C.

Massachusetts

Dear Ed,

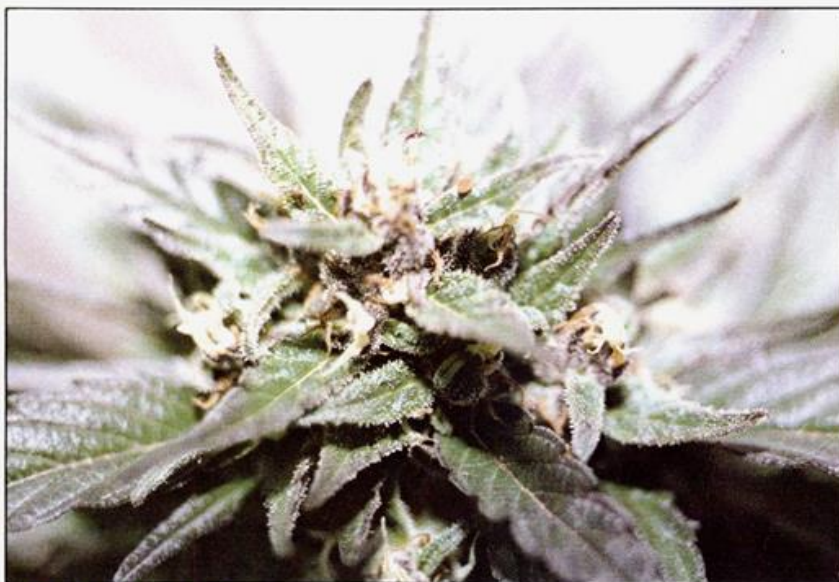
Some of my plants got pollinated and stopped growing. What's happening to them?

—Dan

Utica, N.Y.

When many of the flowers get fertilized the plant goes into a new

Ed kicks off the third year of Ask Ed with a scathing indictment of urine tests



● Bud of the Month

This bud is an indica and the whole plant was only a foot high. There were other plants which produced more, but this one was really pretty. Raccoons and groundhogs got most of the plants but we saved a few.

—Double Barrel Dave

Frederick, Md.



● Garden of the Month

Here are some Texas-style flowers. As anyone can see, Texans do it right.

—The Texas Kid

San Antonio, Tex.

phase of growth. Instead of producing new flowers which gives the plant a better chance of catching stray pollen, the plant puts its energy into seed growth. Once the seeds are mature the plant may start producing more flowers providing there is a long enough season. If the plant was not heavily pollinated or was in an early flowering stage, it may start growing new flowers after one to two weeks.

Dear Ed,

This year I grew some Jamaican Lambsbread. It flowered early, and had thick, sweet-smelling buds. Unfortunately, I planted all my seeds

this year. So I tried to cross-pollinate it with some male Indian plants. It's been about two weeks and some of the pods are swollen and have split open slightly, revealing a white interior. My questions are: is this a seed forming, or has the swelling of the pods been caused because I let the plants mature too long? How long does it take a seed to mature?

—Confused
Empire State

That white interior is the forming seed. It will look dark brown and mottled, just like the seeds you planted, when it is mature. It takes

/ continued on page 75

GROW YOUR OWN CO₂

NO HASSLES

—
NO PARANOIA

This is the hottest thing to come along since the halide light! By now, you know that enriching the atmosphere of a plant growing space with CO₂ makes the plants **EXPLODE** with growth. They grow up to six times as fast, in fact.

And, you know why you haven't set up with CO₂ yet. Like \$300 + out of your pocket. Or the utter joy to be found in lugging 170 conspicuous pounds of high pressure metal tank to a welding supplier. And who needs open flames in a hot room? As if you didn't have enough to worry about already!

The solution to all these problems is to *grow your own CO₂*.

When you mix yeast (a primitive plant), sugar, water and complete nutrients together, the yeast eats the sugar and converts it into carbon dioxide gas and alcohol. About equally, by weight. Fermentation. Simple. In theory, at least.

We could bore you with the problems we had to solve, but these ads aren't cheap. To our knowledge, **nobody** has ever attempted to control fermentation for the production of CO₂, so we had to start our research from scratch. And it paid off!

Now, we could make a big production out of this revolutionary idea and sell you on a \$200 complete set-up. And you would buy it. And it would be a *rip off*.

The truth of the matter is that the most expensive ingredient in this form of CO₂ generation is common table sugar. The Cheapest/Easiest/Safest way to obtain it is at the grocery store. So, we let you supply your own, as you need it.

You will also need two plastic containers. The size will depend on the size of your micro-climate. A closet requires about 2 gallons. A large space will need plastic trash cans. Again, it's C/E/S to scrounge your own.

We sell two things. The most important is knowledge. We have invented a system that will *constantly* release CO₂ gas into a micro-climate at any specified rate. It's about as simple to set up and operate as you can get, if you know how. We teach you to become an expert.

We also provide you with the things that aren't C/E/S to obtain. Our basic kit contains everything you need (except sugar and containers) to enrich a typical (9' x 12' x 8') space for a full year.

For **\$39.95** you get complete instructions, our own yeast nutrient (you can't buy anything like it — anywhere), special high-temp yeast, tubing and a valve. Refill Kits are **\$34.95**.

SOME FACTS: The FAST FORWARD CO₂ Generating System will cost about a dollar per day to enrich a typical grow space to 2,000 ppm **EIGHT** times (including our system and your sugar — about 3 pounds). Takes 30 minutes to set up and 15 minutes per week to operate. Produces no heat. Uses no electricity. Smells lightly of fresh bread. Comes with a 30-day money back guarantee.

The other by-product of this system is about a gallon per day of dry, unflavored, 15% (alcohol) wine. With a little more sugar and some fruit juice, it's not bad to drink. We've had worse.

Legally, you are making wine. Federal law allows you to make 200 gallons per year without a permit. Local laws may vary.

If your retailer does not yet carry FAST FORWARD products, you may order directly from us. Please add \$3.00 per item toward shipping. C.O.D.'s gladly with pre-paid shipping.

Start moving FAST FORWARD today. You've got nothing to lose but the blues.

Fast Forward


On the cutting edge of micro-climate technology.

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DA85



If "What's your sign" has joined the predictables of polite conversation—alongside "What do you do for a living?"—does this mean we're all running our lives by the stars? According to *Llewellyn's 1985 Sun Sign Book*, one of America's most popular astrology guides, the best days for Leos in love are August 1, 27 and 28. How many Leos in America (people born between July 23 and August 22) will take such predictions to heart?

by Brian Lehrer

"**E**very once in a while, I read one and say 'Wow! How did they know?'" says a usually skeptical New York journalist, age 30, who admits to peeking at her horoscope most days. "Usually I read them and think 'nothing special' but sometimes they come so close, it's uncanny."

This journalist has plenty of company. A 1984 Gallup Poll found that 55 percent of Americans, 13 to 18 years old, believe in astrology, up from 40 percent in 1978. Eighteen hundred newspapers in the United States and Canada print daily horoscope reports, and everyone seems to know someone who won't walk out the front door without making sure the planets are favorably aligned for breathing fresh air.

But can it be true? Can the positions of Mars, Jupiter and Pluto determine whether it's a good night for the love-lorn to go to singles bars, or whether it's a good day for U.S. negotiators to launch a new peace initiative? Or do the astrologically faithful belong in the same category as the basketball coach who won't take off his lucky sweater, or the real estate developer who won't erect a building with a 13th floor?

When the Gallup Poll was released, reflecting an increase in belief in astrology among teenagers, a nationwide group of scientists and scholars, The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, decided it was time for the other side to be heard. The group wrote letters to every daily newspaper in North America which publishes a horoscope column. It asked the papers to print disclaimers with their astrology reports, stating: "The following astrological forecasts should be read for entertainment value only. Such predictions have no reliable basis in scientific fact."

The chairman of the group, Dr. Paul Kurtz, a philosophy professor at the State University of New York at Buffalo, says such a warning is warranted because astrology is "pure fiction" and because people follow

their "stars" far too seriously.

"America is an advanced scientific and technological society," Kurtz said in a recent interview, "and we want to keep the level of scientific literacy high. Astrology columns are dangerous insofar as they are not based upon scientific fact but upon pure mythology."

You might think astrologers would be up in arms over such a campaign, but many are not. "I agree with him 100, 200 percent," says Julia Parker, coauthor of *The New Compleat Astrologer*, a serious, "highbrow" book on the subject. "It couldn't be a better thing to print something like the government health warning on cigarettes. Newspapers publish 'Sun Sign' astrology, and while that may be fun, we encourage people not to take it seriously. You can't divide the whole population of the world and say this or that is going to happen to one-twelfth of them!"

"Astrology is based on the planets' positions with relevance to each other and the angles they make," explains Derek Parker, Julia's husband and coauthor of *The New Compleat Astrologer*. "Incidentally, astrologers do not use the stars, and the 'Star Sign' columns in the papers are really a lot of rubbish and have nothing to do with astrology," Parker declares.

It's hard to prove just how seriously people really take newspaper horoscopes. But one thing is for sure—people read them. Dr. Kurtz says virtually every newspaper in the United States, except the *New York Times*, prints them. The *Chicago Sun-Times* began publishing two astrology columns this year. When it tried to replace Sidney Omar's daily forecast with Patrick Walker's column, Omar fans deluged the paper with letters and phone calls. Walker quickly developed a loyal following too, so the *Sun-Times* finally decided to go with *both* of them.

According to a *Sun-Times* employee, the two astrologers attract different types of readers. She says more high income and professional people read Walker. "We get letters

from lawyers and other people using very classy stationery. We didn't do a scientific survey or anything, but I think Omar's fans are different. Some of them write that they're lost without his column."

Joan O'Sullivan, senior editor of King Features Syndicate, which distributes *Your Individual Horoscope* to about 300 newspapers, doubts that people really put much faith in the astrology columns.

"Horoscope fans fall into three categories," says O'Sullivan. "Number one, there are the true believers who have their horoscopes cast from the second of birth, and consult them every second, every minute, every hour, and don't go down in an elevator unless their chart says this is the auspicious moment for that move. Then there are people who sort of believe, who really want to believe. And what they *really* believe is all the good stuff. And they hope that it's all going to come true, and they're sort of pseudo-serious. Newspaper horoscope fans really are not true believers. They just do it for a laugh."

And she thinks the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal is a waste of trained scientists' time. "Can you imagine a column that says 'This horoscope is hazardous to your mental health?' I think it's a tempest in a teapot. Why aren't these scientists concerned about truly important matters?"

Most newspapers certainly do not care about Dr. Kurtz' request. Dr. Kurtz admits that just four newspapers have begun printing it: the *Indianapolis Star*, the Wilmington, Delaware *News-Journal*, the Charleston, Illinois *Times-Courier* and the Mattoon, Illinois *Times-Courier*.

Richard Hopper, features editor for the *Indianapolis Star*, says the paper began printing the warning partly because of Dr. Kurtz' letter and partly because of a push by some local groups, including fundamentalist Christians. "We didn't want anyone to get the idea that we endorse the views of the astrology report," says Hopper. "I saw examples of some pretty ignorant people who do think that these readings should be taken seriously."

What you see is not always what you get in newspaper horoscopes. Astrologer Julia Parker says she knew of a newspaper in England where a junior editor wrote the column. And she's so critical of the one-paragraph forecasts that she says, "He's got as good a chance as anyone of getting it right."

Another editor, who asked to remain anonymous, admitted to me that the popular astrologer she worked with died about 15 years ago. "We decided at that time to keep the name. We've had a number of people use it. I even did the column for a few

months. I used to sit around the dinner table with my kids and ask them, 'Okay, anyone have a good one?'"

Most horoscope column writers are real astrologers, however. Julia Parker says she knows astrologers who turn to the papers because it's so hard to make a living doing individual readings for clients. And Joan O'Sullivan of King Features Syndicate says the writer of *Your Individual Horoscope* must be an astrologer because he interprets everything that happens around the office in astrological terms.

Nevertheless, astrologers are quick to point out that while the newspaper columns may be the most visible form of astrology, they are the least useful in terms of how people can benefit from the practice. Julia Parker works with individual clients, mostly in London where she lives, and says it takes a long time before an astrologer can tell you anything that will improve your life. That, she says, is because contrary to popular belief, astrology does not predict events.

"It can only assess trends that are working in your life. If an astrologer says 'This will happen or that will happen,' he or she is not using true astrology. They might be using clairvoyance or some kind of occult thing, but astrology has absolutely nothing to do with that," Parker says.

"Astrology helps you to know

/ continued on page 74

HIGH TIMES² Astro Projections August 1985

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 22)

Because you've been living off your reputation for too long, the shit hits the fan this month. Prepare for accusations of self-centeredness and neglect from friends and lovers; expect serious side-long glances from a boss and/or co-workers around the middle of the month. Get self-reflective about your laziness and self-superiority, and your ego will emerge strengthened.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 to Sep. 22)

The first half of the year you devoted time to family and friends; now it's time for you to catch up on your career and other interests. This is the best month for you to consider new jobs, ideas, or skills. Friends will be more supportive than usual, career opportunities peak.

LIBRA (Sep. 23 to Oct. 22)

During the retrograde of Mercury and the early transit of Mars (July 24 to August 27), political and ideological struggles are likely. Only concentration through meditation and intense self-examination will lead you to the right insights necessary for effective communication with your antagonists.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21)

Compulsive tendencies must be checked; conclusion-jumping is especially dangerous this month. Excessive sexual activity should be monitored to avoid possible but unexpected catastrophe. If emotional skirmishes break out, confront them immediately.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21)

Try to get a perspective, and then do something. This is a good month to act on secret beliefs and needs. That claustrophobic relationship with the world will become more bearable as you disseminate your ideas and feelings.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 19)

Your concern with life's material pleasures will cause unusual distress this month, as you begin to question money. You might even start questioning the rules. Unless you're certain your commitment to superficiality is the right one, be open to new self-insights.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18)

Sometimes your uncompromising nature can cause problems; expect some at the end of the month. You must learn to relax and trust before you can effectively actualize your ideals. This is a good month for you to travel.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20)

Stop speculating so much. Instead, use

your imaginative nature for creative projects. Yours is the sign of drug abuse; guard against this, especially this month.

ARIES (March 21 to April 19)

Your energy level sustains you; it will be especially high this month. But the pace will become frenetic, forcing you to face the necessity of slowing down and settling in with long-term goals so that fulfillment is possible.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)

While you're not prone to wax philosophical, people around you are. During the transit of Venus (August 2 to 28), be wary of emotional risk-taking and rely on your practical sensibility to sustain you.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)

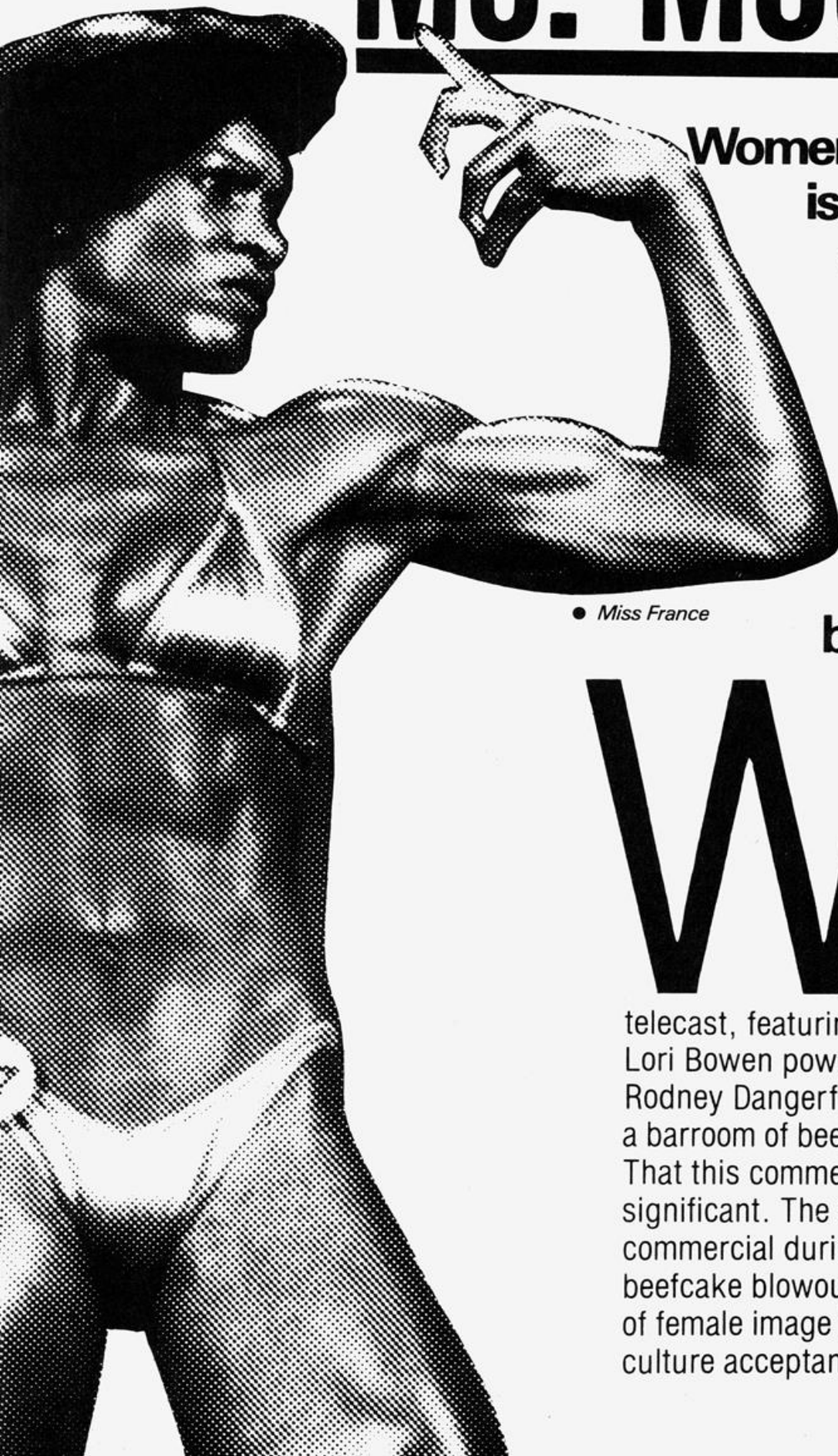
Your demanding psychological needs could alienate; keep at least some of your insistence in check. Avoid any important decisions concerning affairs of the heart while Uranus is retrograde (until August 23).

CANCER (June 21 to July 22)

Your feelings are sincere, but your expression of them tends to be too repressed. If problems with intimacy are becoming disastrous, try expressing yourself during the transit of Venus, August 2 to 28.

—Laura Cottingham

MS. MUSCLES

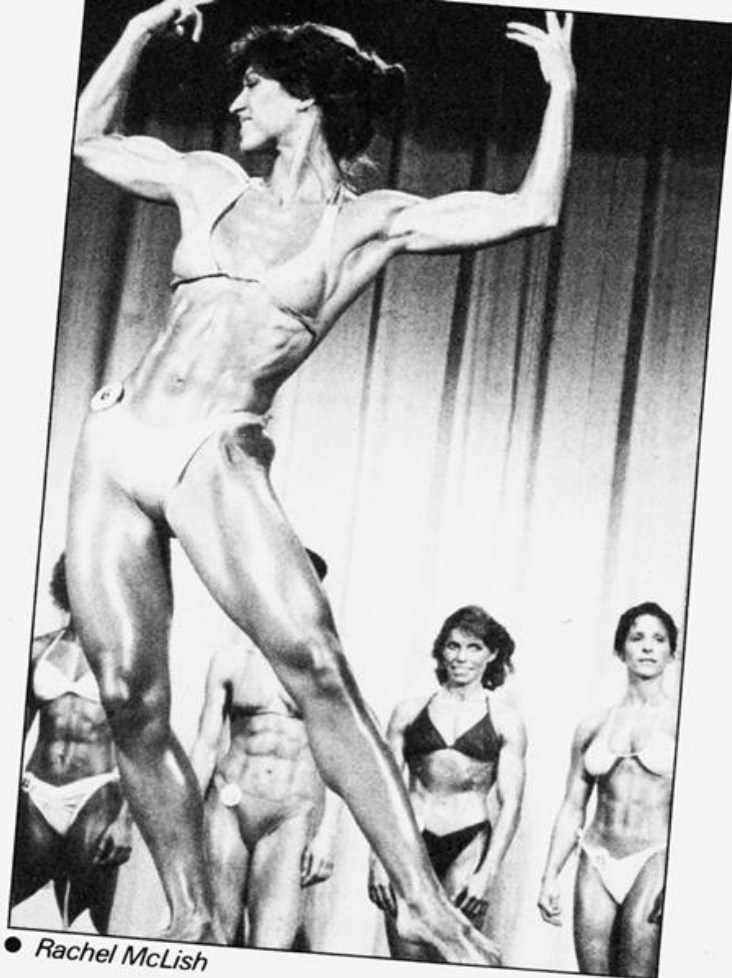


**Women's bodybuilding
is defining biceps
and boundaries
of the female
physique.**

• *Miss France*

by Kyle Roderick

Who are women bodybuilders and why are they popping up in the major marketplaces of American prime time? Take the Miller Lite beer commercial during this year's Super Bowl telecast, featuring bodybuilding champion Lori Bowen powerlifting super-schlub Rodney Dangerfield off of his chair while a barroom of beer hoisters hoot admiringly. That this commercial even got produced is significant. The airing of the Lori Bowen commercial during our nation's annual beefcake blowout is proof that a new kind of female image is being primed for pop culture acceptance.



● Rachel McLish

Though femcake is in and this Future Sex of women bodybuilders appears to possess unlimited marketing potential, the nature of the female images that are being marketed, and how, are open to debate. Women's bodybuilding is an art form and a multi-million dollar industry whose participants pose a challenge to our ideas of "the feminine."

A quick scan of both high-fashion mags and newsmagazines confirms this point. Note the absence of wispy, semi-anorexic models. Today's glamor girls obviously do some kind of weight-training workouts. How else to explain the demure yet well-defined biceps, triceps, etc. that peek out from their designer T-shirts? And yet, compared to authentic women bodybuilders, these '80s style models strike one as unbearably harmless. Why? Because they continue to conform to traditional codes of feminine desirability. Today's models still remain a perfect size 6 or 8, and their muscles are curvy enough to appeal to even the most hardcore skin magazine buyers.

Check out Cher's recent campaign for Jack LaLanne's exercise clubs. With a new image that suggests Road Warrior (Las Vegas style), a newly blonde, punk-haired Cher convincingly demonstrates the benefits of regular, grueling workouts. Deadpan to the max, she makes all of the pain and discipline involved seem terribly

glamorous. But try to disregard Cher's chic-ly vigorous pose for a moment and consider this: If even a moderately developed woman bodybuilder were to flex alongside of Cher, she'd blow her right off the set. And, more than likely, she'd freak out scores of potential Jack LaLanne-ites in the process.

The mainstream media carefully controls the presentation of women with muscles. In the flesh, at the gym or onstage in her revealing competition suit, a highly-trained woman bodybuilder is a physically imposing, monumental female. She may have 13 to 16-inch biceps and cross-striated quadriceps muscles on the front of her thighs which are indistinguishable from a man's. A serious female bodybuilder has enlarged veins (what bodybuilders call vascularity) bulging through the taut skin of the shoulders, arms or legs. In body and mind, these women are essentially different from—and more highly evolved than—anything that Cher can afford to look like.

Territory Of The Future Sex

The emergence of the lifestyle/sport/industry/art form of women's bodybuilding is best understood within the context of America's current fitness boom and the influence of recent Euro-American feminism. Any earlier images of

powerfully-built women in written or visual history are few and far between. Although the world's myths and folklore abound with dynamic females like the Amazons, or goddesses who can outwit, outrun or outfight men and animals, these characters never appear as well-muscled or endowed with physical strength that surpasses that of their male counterparts. Art history's depiction of women with muscles, however, does turn up the notable examples of Michelangelo's powerfully proportioned statues of Dawn and Night. But according to bodybuilding historian Charles Gaines, the studies for these were drawn from male models.

Gaines popularized the in-phrase for working out with weights: "pumping iron." With photographer/film director George Butler, Gaines brought bodybuilding into pop consciousness and respectability with the bestselling book **Pumping Iron** and the hit documentary film of the same name. The film focused on future "Terminator" Arnold Schwarzenegger, as well as the soon-to-be "Incredible Hulk," Lou Ferrigno. Gaines and Butler have followed women's bodybuilding since its earliest public exhibitions and professional competitions, which started in the late '70s. Their latest efforts are the photo essay, **Pumping Iron II: The Unprecedented Woman**, recently published by Simon & Schuster, and the film **Pumping Iron II: The Women**, which proved to be a conversation piece for bodybuilding fans, sexists, and pop-culture vultures alike when it was released in the spring.

Climaxing at the 1983 Caesar's World Cup Women's contest in Las Vegas (!), **Pumping Iron II** spotlights the opposing factions in the sport: the femcake "beauty queens" vs. the muscle purists. Although the professional, slick veneer of the Caesar's contest may be laughably glitzy, it's still an improvement on previous women's competitions. Wayne De Milia, a lifelong bodybuilding fan, and one of the sport's most experienced promoters, puts it this way: "Women's bodybuilding has gone through tremendous changes in the last five years. The contests have evolved out of beauty events and into pure and serious bodybuilding competitions... You must realize that in the early days of the sport, the girls used to come onstage and compete in high heels... they posed in a very ladylike, unassertive way; the exact opposite of what you see today. Now that the women's side of the sport is professionally organized, bodybuilding in general is more respectable; it looks more like the serious, aesthetically important sport that it truly is."

Hmmm. Perhaps. Or perhaps not.

Control of the Future Sex

But the sport of female bodybuilding has really advanced to suit those with controlling interests in its business side. The most influential figures in the world of bodybuilding are brothers Ben and Joe Weider. Ben Weider is president of the International Federation of Bodybuilders, the IFBB, which is the Supreme Court of the sport. As president, Ben has ultimate say over contest rules, judging criteria and other vital policies which affect competitors. Ben's brother Joe is the editor and publisher of **Muscle & Fitness**, which, with its 1.7 million readers, makes it one of America's most popular general interest magazines. Joe Weider also has a proprietary hand in the lucrative magazines **Flex**, **Shape**, and **Sports Fitness**. Over the past few decades, he's either authored or published dozens of books on men's and women's bodybuilding which feature special "scientific" training programs and nutritional guides for those with muscles on their minds. But this is only half of Joe's story.

Apart from his expertise and profits in publishing ventures, Joe Weider is also a highly successful corporate merchandiser and direct mail retailer. His magazines' advertisements for his line of nutritional supplements—Joe Weider's Food Of The Champions—qualify him as the "Trainer of Champions Since 1936." In the pantheon of fitness gurus, Joe and Ben Weider, with their Weider Organization, have an indisputable monopoly on men's and women's bodybuilding. A quick glance at Ben's current guidelines for women's contest judging offers insight into how the powers-that-be shape the prevailing do's and don'ts of the women's side of the sport.

"... Judges must look for muscular femininity, which means that a female bodybuilder must have female-looking muscles. It is the over-development of male muscles that the IFBB is against... When a judge looks at a female bodybuilder, he or she must have no doubt in their minds that they are looking at a woman."

These rules seem a might bit subjective, do they not? Of course, nowhere in the male contest directives is the female body referred to. But, according to Kay King-Nealy, who is a national coordinator of judging clinics for both competitors and judges, "Weider's directives are an indication that the IFBB is discouraging drug usage in the sport, and this is a good thing. Testing for steroids and other drugs is prohibitively expensive, besides being futile. As soon as a test is developed to detect the presence of a drug, a new drug is synthesized to elude that test. The

organizers of women's bodybuilding are setting a wise example... then again, the sport is so new that we don't really know what's organically possible until some outstanding woman gets out there and shows us..."

King-Nealy goes on to say, "Less than ten percent of all women have bodies that are perfect for the sport, but this is a fact that could conceivably create a dilemma for certain competitors." What she doesn't say is that the IFBB guidelines seem to penalize those genetically gifted women who may commit male-dominated culture's ultimate image no-no's. Specifically, this means having a body that is indistinguishable from a man's; having a consciousness and strength that somehow transcend what is generally believed to be "feminine." This issue prompts one to wonder what women bodybuilders have to say about the ongoing ambiguity in their sport.

Beth Rubino, a twenty-six year old bodybuilder and model who has posed for, among others, the celebrated portrait photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, explains her side of the story. "In everyone's minds, there is this constantly evolving idea of what's acceptable in a woman bodybuilder, and what's possible. I don't concern myself with the sexual politics that may or may not be tainting the sport. I'm a bodybuilder because I love the way bodybuilding feels and looks... Everyone has the innate right to look anyway that they want, and women should do this—become muscular and strong—if they want to. In a few years, women bodybuilders will be accepted by the mass audience, and the standards will no doubt

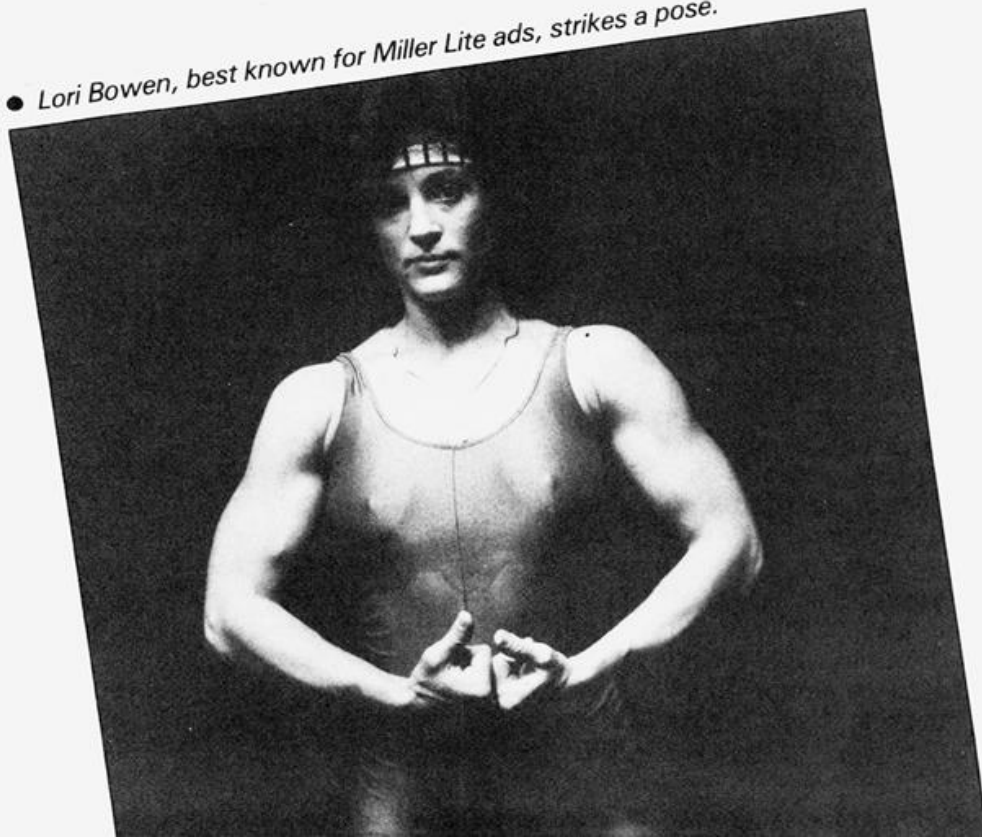
have altered by then."

Indeed, why can't women look anyway that they want? Does it really matter if a woman bodybuilder reminds those who judge her that her completely female body appears to be as strong as, say, a middle-weight male bodybuilder's? Evidently it does, and the competitive fortunes of Bev Francis, one of the women bodybuilders profiled in the film **Pumping Iron II**, make an excellent case in point.

Women of the Future Sex

Bev Francis is assuredly the most muscular woman alive, and is probably the most muscular woman in the history of the world. In photographs, and on screen in **Pumping Iron II**, Francis certainly looks very androgynous, but this impression is due to the fact that women like her are seldom allowed to become part of our cultural imagery. Think of Francis instead as a more physically evolved woman. Starting with her neck, her dense trapezius muscles merge into her shoulders. Her back, shoulders and arms are, simply stated, phenomenally developed. It is easy to understand how some people could be threatened by the unique truth of Francis's body, so accustomed are we to looking for the classic curves of the female form. Instead of breasts, Francis has strongly delineated pectoral muscles. Her stomach and waist are a ridged field of muscular tissue, and those universal symbols of womanhood—hips—are nowhere to be seen on her physique.

● Lori Bowen, best known for Miller Lite ads, strikes a pose.

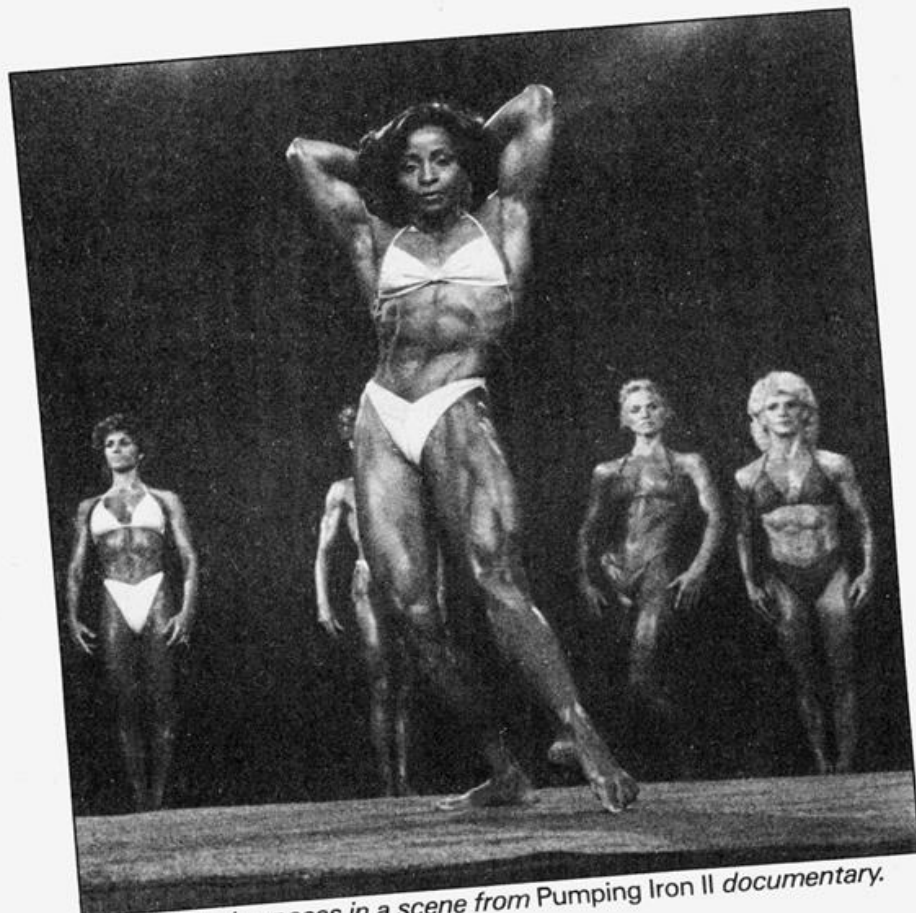


In view of her amazing athletic achievements, it would seem to follow that Francis is one of the brightest stars of the sport—either a top-ranked competitor or a frequent subject of Joe Weider's magazines' editorial spreads. Yet, the truth is Francis is neither. As **Pumping Iron II** poignantly documents, her muscularity primarily provokes those in the bodybuilding world to call her "femininity" into question. As John Hoffman, associate producer of the film recounts, "In Las Vegas, there were a few rather strained meetings between the contest judges and the IFBB officials where they were instructed by the IFBB officials to judge the competitors on very traditional, arbitrary concepts of what the feminine form is—which is contrary to what women bodybuilders are doing to their bodies by lifting weights! This is not to say that Bev Francis's aesthetic is "unfeminine," but hers is a female body whose line and shape have no model, no frame of reference."

Imagine what it feels like to be a person with a body that, as Charles Gaines writes, "refers to no other standard than its own... it seems to make a particular kind of androgyny the ultimate point of a particular kind of equality between men and women." In comparison to the lithe, skillfully made-up beauty queens of the sport, Francis is not at all glamorous or marketable enough to be a spokesperson for products sold by the Weider Organization.

In the major muscle magazines, Francis is barely mentioned. Although Francis had the most muscular definition of all of the competitors at the Caesar's World Cup, her score (she placed eighth out of fifteen women) indicates that she is not perceived as championship material. One assumes that the token woman judge on the Caesar's contest panel felt especially perplexed when appraising Francis's routine. All things considered, Francis is "the Outsider" in women's bodybuilding, paradoxically because she proves what can happen if winning promises like those of Joe Weider's Food Of The Champions are taken seriously.

Fortunately for Francis, though, and for other women like her, there are a few key people in the sport who encourage women bodybuilders to fulfill their optimum physical potential. Wayne De Milia is a contest promoter and therefore has special reasons for saying what he does, but he still strikes one as being genuinely open to whatever aesthetic possibilities can be realized by women. "How can you define femininity?" he asks. "Who's to say what the norm is? Some men find Bev Francis very sexy and attractive. She gets very hot fan mail... A lot of people may think that Bev doesn't



● Carla Dunlap poses in a scene from *Pumping Iron II* documentary.

look feminine, but there are a lot of men and women who do, judging by the letters she gets." De Milia also added that Francis and her boyfriend Steve Weinberger were recently married in June, 1985. And yes, the most muscular woman alive wears a diamond engagement ring.

When asked whether he believes that super-muscular women will become popular American female icons on a par with Playboy Playmates, he replied instantly. "It's just a matter of time and a question of exposure to the public. When I first started seeing women bodybuilders, in 1979 or so, I couldn't really handle looking at them. But once I got over my conditioning, I started to see that shape, firmness and muscles on a woman look great! Why? Because what shapes your body is your muscles. And women bodybuilders have bodies that are perfectly shaped. Some may be more muscular than others, but the point is that they're all healthy, shapely and strong."

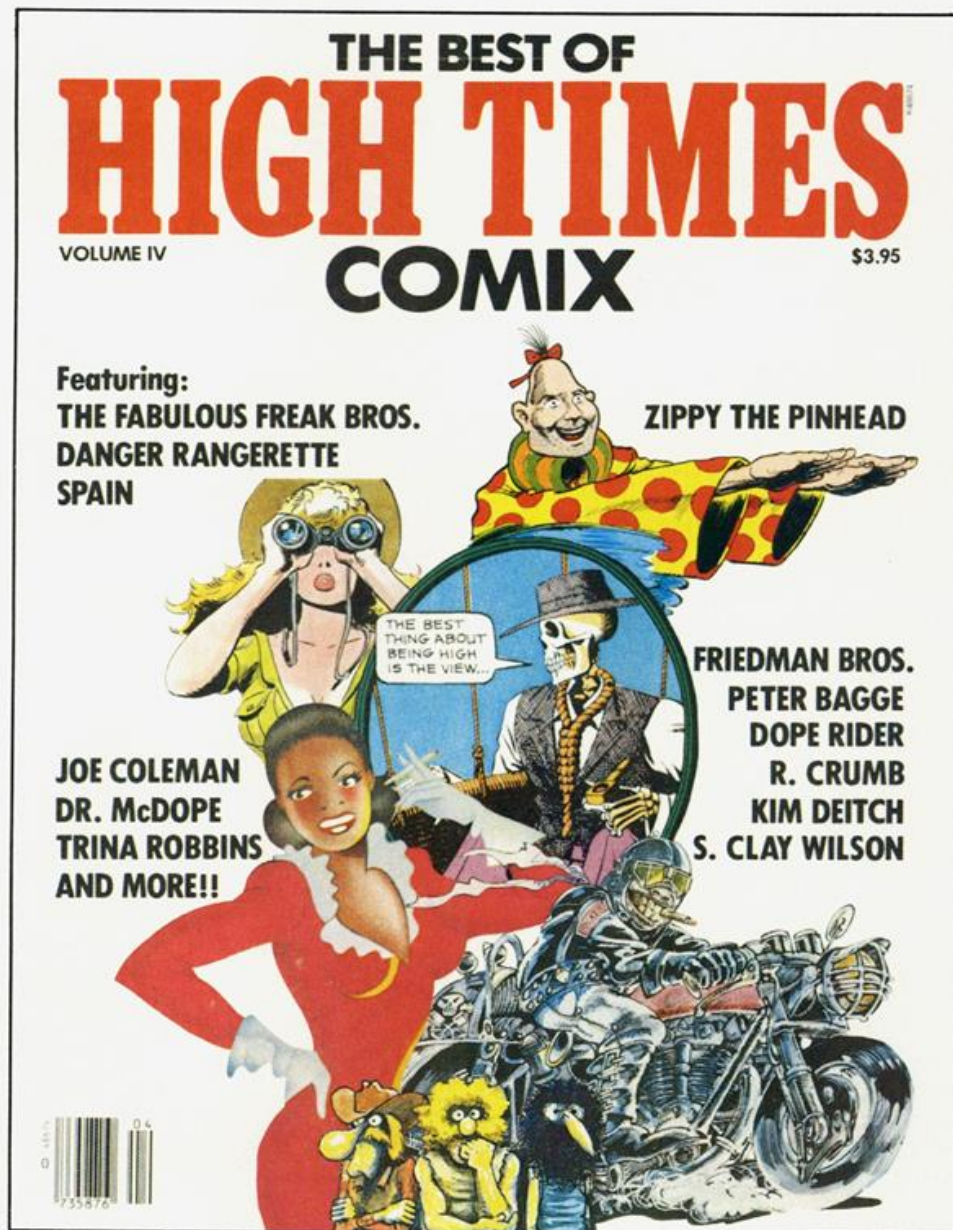
But if this is all true, then why aren't promoters like De Milia making sure that the public sees what a real state of the art bodybuilder looks like? Why, for instance, does Lori Bowen wear so many clothes in the aforementioned Miller Lite commercial? "People constantly ask me this," De Milia admits, warming to the question. "I was on the set the day of the filming, and it

happened like this. Lori came out in the first outfit that the wardrobe people had chosen: high heels, a black leather miniskirt and a black tee shirt. She looked fantastic to me. But the director of the spot, Bob Giraldi, didn't think so. He's the guy who directed 'Thriller' and all those other videos... Anyway, he took one look at Lori and said, 'What are those man things coming out of her neck?' He saw trapezius muscles bulging out of her neck and couldn't deal with it! He told wardrobe to find something else for Lori, something that would cover her up."

This illuminating anecdote confirms that women bodybuilders have tremendous gains to make, in terms of freedom of physical expression. Whether or not they will make these gains partially depends on the media exposure that they receive. Perhaps like its predecessor, **Pumping Iron II: The Women** will popularize the sport by reaching a mass audience. And at the same time, maybe it will help legitimize the new role model of the Future Sex. As we all know, the best way to sell an idea is to sell an image. And women bodybuilders lack ultimate control over their image. For the time being, a woman bodybuilder's success may depend not so much on how she develops her body, but on what those in control of the sport, industry, and media choose to acknowledge and reward as "feminine." □

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FUNNY PAPERS

No less than eighteen of the liveliest cartoonists in the land jammed on this monumental graffiti. Occasionally breaking into song, rashes or the locked Frigidaire, these illustrators of the unthinkable produced what can only be tagged "The Unnameable." In A-Z order: Steve Brodner, Eric Cartier, Santiago Cohen, Flick

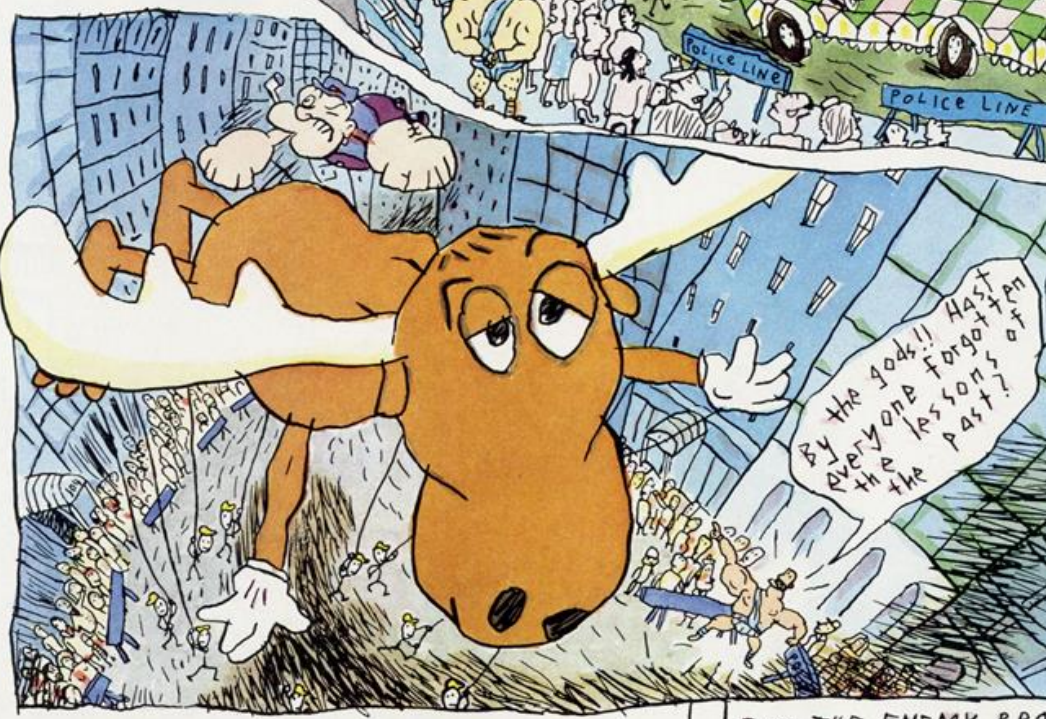
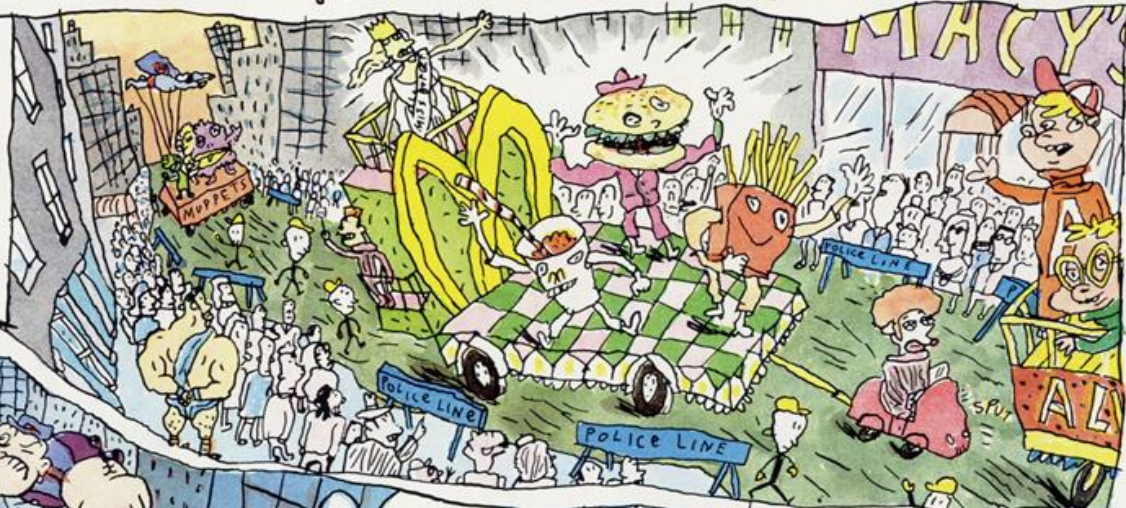
Ford, Felipe Galindo, Scott Gillis, Jessie Hartland, Kaz, Stephen Kroninger, Mark Marek, Mark Newgarden, Gary Panter, Mimi Pond, Seth Tobocman, Wayne White, L.A. Willette, Jeff Wong and Dan Zedek gathered in the spirit of "We Are the World" to create a collage that proudly proclaims, "We Are the Wild!"





THE ODYSSEY OF HERCULES AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

Behold, a city engaged in a great celebration honoring many strange and wonderful gods.



Hercules detects a trick as old as warfare itself. Once before, long ago, Hercules had seen a hidden army enter the unsuspecting city of Troy in similar fashion!



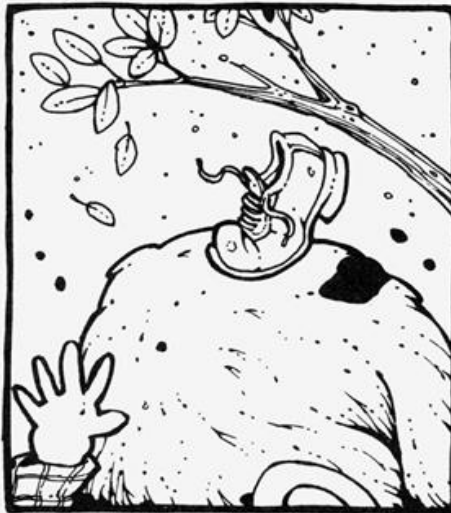
NEAR-DEATH

A TRUE STORY

RICK
GEARY
©1985



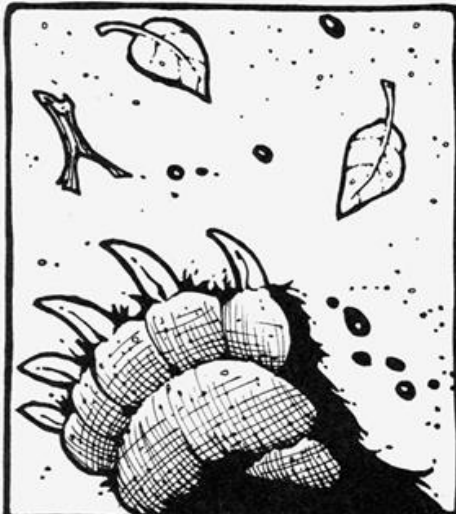
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND MYSELF WRESTLING WITH A BLACK BEAR!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING...



AND WHAT A STENCH!



ONE SWIPE OF ITS MIGHTY PAW AND ALL WENT BLACK...



SUDDENLY, I FOUND MYSELF IN WHAT LOOKED LIKE A SMALL DINER OR CAFE.



FOLKS SAT ALL AROUND ME, CHATTING AMIABLY.



NONE OF THEM HAD ANY TROUBLE OBTAINING SERVICE.



BUT I SAT WAITING FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS.



FINALLY I JUST GOT UP AND WALKED OUT.

VICESTYLES OF THE

An up-to-the-minute report
on the drug stories of the stars



● Mr. Rogers helped Lauren Tewes kick her coke habit.

by David Harrison

A wise man once said, "I would not feel so all alone/Everybody must get stoned."

That's how we began the intro to "The Hi-Q Test" in our February issue. In that test, we quizzed readers on the drug stories of seemingly straight celebrities including Mary Tyler Moore, Cary Grant, John F. Kennedy and many more. Well, a mere six months have passed since The Hi-Q Test, and we could easily do another one based solely on the dope "scandals" that have hit the headlines in recent months. Everyone from Monaco's Princess Stephanie to The Singing Nun has made news for involvement with drugs, and the sensation-seeking media has had a field day with these stories. The media is quick to decry the "drug problem" and lament the loosened morals that lead to these tales of dope abuse, but the media is also quick to leap on these same stories in its amoral lust to sell

papers, or magazines, or tooth-paste and dish soap.

One of the longest-running dope tales has been the one involving Stacy Keach, best known as TV's Mike Hammer (although we remember him most fondly as the drug-crazed narc Sgt. Stedenko in two Cheech & Chong flicks). Keach was busted at a London airport attempting to smuggle 1.3 ounces of coke into England and was sentenced to nine months' hard time in a British prison. While in the slam, Keach promised to give *mea culpa* antidope speeches in England and the U.S. once he was released. But when he got out after serving six months, Keach took off on vacation, snubbing the House of Lords and copping out on his stateside lectures as well.

Keach was not the only TV star who made drug-related headlines. Two of television's most "wholesome" female stars, Lauren Tewes, former cruise director on *The Love Boat*, and Heather Thomas, Lee Majors' sexy sidekick on *The Fall Guy*, were both revealed to have severe drug problems. In a confessional *TV Guide* cover story, Tewes told writer Mary Murphy a chilling story of the descent into drug addiction that accompanied her

● Carrie Fisher of *Star Wars* got spaced out on 'scrip drugs.



● Rodney Dangerfield can't get respect but *can* get legal coke.

ascent to TV stardom. Tewes blamed the pressure to be part of the Tinseltown in-crowd—"wanting to be Hollywood," she called it—for leading her to cocaine. Then came pressure from her bosses, especially *Love Boat*'s executive producer Douglas Cramer, to look better—Tewes claims that Cramer wanted her to have her breasts enlarged—and behave like a star. The woman who played the cruise director was also expected to play off-screen hostess to the series' guest stars. These pressures, combined with the daily grind of making a weekly TV series and the nightly regimen of partying and star-tripping, led to ever-increasing cocaine abuse and a wrecked marriage.

Finally, inevitably, came the day when Tewes could not show up for work. "I felt I had lost everything," she told Murphy. "I don't know where my husband was, and I felt alone. I had been up all night and I remember feeling horrible, and suddenly I looked up and saw Mr. Rogers on TV, and he said: 'I'll be your friend; will you be mine?' And I burst into tears, and said, 'Yes.'"

"I made a resolve at that point to try to get my act together. . . I was totally collapsed. And Mr. Rogers saved my life."

Tewes cleaned up her act, kicked cocaine and is now looking for work. (She has reportedly been offered a

THE RICH AND FAMOUS

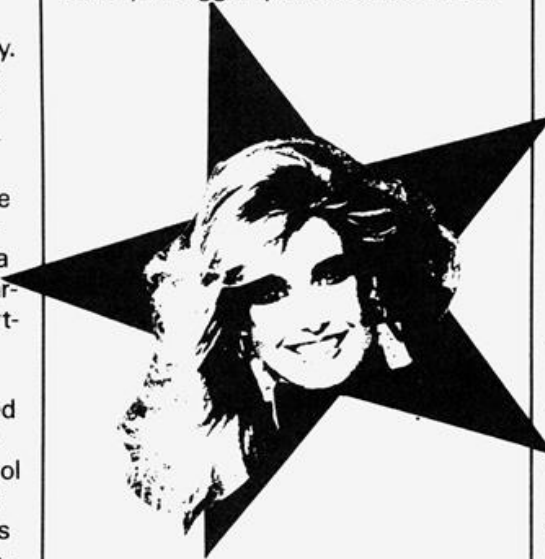
part in a new NBC series.) In the meantime, she is on the lecture circuit, making \$7500 a pop telling her drug story to college students, civic groups and the like. (More on the business of celeb dope lectures later.) Heather Thomas, however, needed more than Mr. Rogers' comforting TV presence to get her act together. The *Fall Guy* starlet had to check into a drug detox clinic in Santa Monica, California to try and kick a multiple-chemical dependency. Though the clinic refused to divulge the exact nature of Thomas' dependency, her problems reportedly centered around alcohol, cocaine and amphetamine abuse. As was the case with Lauren Tewes, it was the pressure of being an ornamental star of a weekly TV series that led the 27-year-old Thomas to drug abuse. She reportedly drank heavily and took toot to maintain a bright, bubbly facade at Hollywood parties and popped speed pills to help her cope with the rigors of series work and also to help control her weight. By the time she finished filming this season's shows, Thomas was a wreck, physically and psychologically. She checked into St. John's Hospital for a twenty-one day live-in detox program and is now, hopefully, cured (or, as they say in the drug therapy biz, a "recovering addict").

Yet another TV personality whose drug involvement made headlines was Dan Haggerty, one-time second banana to a bear on *Grizzly Adams*.

● **Jerry Garcia's** bust for coke and heroin shocked Deadheads.



Haggerty was less fortunate than Thomas and Tewes. Rumored to be heavily into freebasing, Haggerty allegedly sold less than three-quarters of an ounce of blow to undercover narcs. The narcs were part of a six-man "entertainment squad" formed by the Los Angeles Police Department to entrap celebrity dopers. (Now *there's* a total waste of taxpayers' money.) Haggerty was convicted on



● Fall girl **Heather Thomas** fell into multiple chemical habit.

one count of sales, but the jury acquitted him on the other count by reason of entrapment. As for the "entertainment squad," it has busted no other big-name stars but continues to squander valuable police man-hours in the attempt. According to Richard Szabo, head of the squad, "We decided, hey, we have to do something about these people living in the fast lane and making it look glamorous." (Hmmm, seems to us that, far from "making it look glamorous," celebrities who mess with dope do their best to *hide* the fact, especially with vultures like Szabo on the prowl. But narc squads have to do *something* to justify their salaries, and preying on celebrities is a surefire way to hit the headlines.)

Another Hollywood star whose drug problems made news was Carrie Fisher (best known as Princess Leia in the *Star Wars* trilogy), a second-generation celebrity doper (father



● **Stacy Keach** served six months' hard time for smuggling coke.

Eddie was a booze 'n' speed freak). Fisher's "friends" revealed that she had checked into a Southern California drug treatment facility to try to kick a "prescription drug dependency."

Probably the strangest drug story to make the papers in recent months involved a slew of unlikely celebrities—from "no respect" comedian Rodney Dangerfield to the world's richest man, reclusive billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig—whose cocaine usage is strictly legal. The story first came to light when it was revealed that Regis Philbin, formerly the second banana on the short-lived Joey Bishop talk show and now host of a morning TV talk show in New York, was being treated by a Park Avenue doctor for severe neck pain. The treatment by controversial 85-year-old physician Milton Reder consists of inserting cotton swabs soaked in coke up the

/ continued on page 76

● **Singing Nun** got into pill habit and offed herself on barbs.



Keystone Kops' Cannabis Capers

In their zeal to nab pot-growers, reveals DEAN LATIMER, thick-headed police pull some incredible screw-ups.

It's no secret that narcotics cops, by and large, are not the most intelligent human beings on the planet. (If they were, why in the world would they choose that line of work?) There are innumerable stories of narcs raiding and ravaging a house or apartment, only to find out that the dope they were seeking was actually in another abode. Oops! Most recently, we had the spectacle of L.A. cops using a dope-busting tank to plow into a suspected drug den, only to discover nothing more dangerous than ice cream. So it comes as no surprise when overzealous, unscrupulous cops are involved in a major-league screwup.

Still, one would expect that police officers, trained in the detection and confiscation of controlled substances, would at least know what dope looks like. Not so the cops in these stories, reported by Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer. In their zeal to bust marijuana cultivators, these cops surveilled, photographed and obtained warrants for the seizure of crops consisting of, in separate cases, fig trees, chili pepper plants and Japanese red dwarf maple shrubs!

Think you've heard it all when it comes to the rampant stupidity of the forces of law and disorder? Read on...

ONE SUNNY MORNING LAST SUMMER near Chico, California, young Steve Folan and his wife were sitting by their pool, sipping coffee and enjoying the birdsong and watching their kids romp in the water, when a couple cop cars suddenly tore into the driveway and disgorged a gang of policemen with guns. "Good morning," Steve greeted them, a little uncertainly.

"It's a good morning, but not for you," wisecracked one of the cops. "You're under arrest for marijuana."

"Marijuana?" Folan said incredulously. "What marijuana?"

The cop handed Folan an 8" x 10" glossy color photo of his home, taken

from far overhead in the sky, clearly showing his ranchhouse, his swimming pool, and the two ancient roofless farm silos that had come with the property, with 20-year-old fig trees growing inside them. The cop pointed at the silos in the photograph. "That marijuana."

"Those are fig trees!" Steve and his wife exclaimed together. And indeed they were fig trees, the officers quickly determined, and not marijuana. Steve Folan is currently suing the government of Glenn County, California, for flying over his home weeks before this raid, mistaking his ensiload fig trees for marijuana, and then waiting until harvest season to roar in and menace his family.

A few weeks later, just to the other side of Chico, Jesús María Gutierrez was bathing her infant grandson, Septién, in the little wooden bathhouse out back of the family's mobile home, when three cop cars roared into the driveway. The cops who piled out were wearing flak jackets and fatigue caps, bearing rifles and shotguns, and they headed straight for the bathhouse. When Jesús María's daughter-in-law, Gina Gutierrez, tried to get up to ask what it was all about, a cop waved a gun at her and indicated she should sit back down.

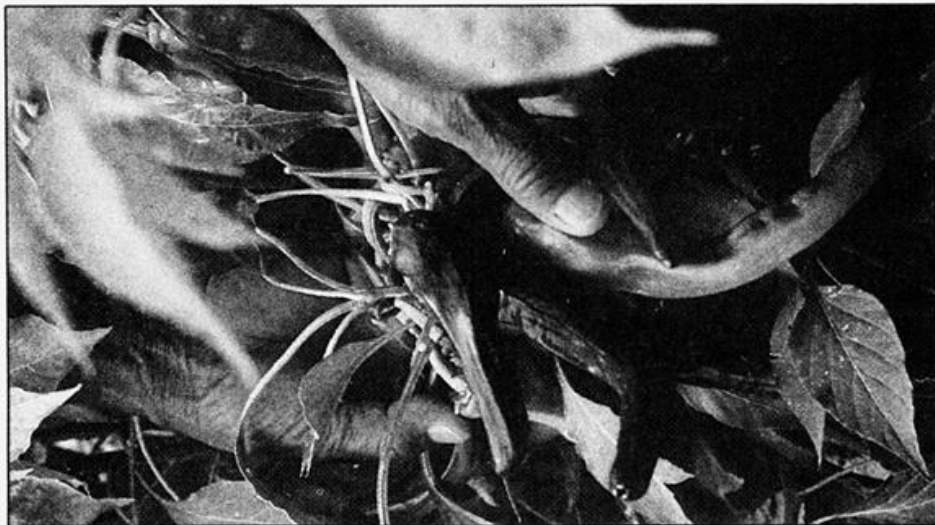
The cops kicked the bathhouse door off the hinges and roared, "Where's the marijuana?"

"¿Qué marijuana?" Jesús María knows no English, and Septién is too small to speak.

Then the cops looked out back, where their plane-spotter weeks before had supposedly seen some marijuana growing, and which marijuana ought rightfully to have been cut down and hung up in this shed to cure, by this time in the season. All they saw was the patch of chili pepper plants that their potspotter had mistaken for weed.

The cops tried to quietly and discreetly retire from the premises, but Gina Gutierrez made sure to get her hands on the search warrant—the only proof they'd been there at all. This she took to the Chico law firm of Dennis Latimer and Jerry Kenkle, to ask if something could be done to prevent the police from ever doing this to any family again: "My little boy, who can hardly walk yet," Gina said, "is going around pretending to kick down doors, like he saw those men doing."

Latimer and Kenkle took the story to the local papers, and it made Page One. Over in Glenn County, when Steve



● Do chili peppers look like pot? Chico cops thought so!



● *Maine cops swooped down on dreaded Japanese dwarf maple.*

Folan's family saw that, they also went to Latimer and Kenkle with the aerial police photo of their place, and joined the Gutierrez family in suing the authorities for invidious government intrusion, invasion of privacy and violation of civil rights.

The police do not always correctly identify marijuana. Sometimes they make mistakes. And sometimes the mistakes aren't made in good faith. Whether the Maine police in this next true-life story—the famous Case of the Pink Potbushes of Castle Island—made an honest mistake or not is purely a matter of conjecture. Here are the facts.

TO JOHN WILSON, COMPLAINT JUSTICE: Your affiant upon oath states that he has probable cause to believe and does believe that on the above described premises, said premises being owned/occupied by the above named person(s), there is now being concealed certain property, to wit:

Marijuana plants, harvested marijuana, and drug paraphernalia.

CASTLE ISLAND ON MOOSEHEAD Lake in central Maine was the premises described in this search warrant, which was presented to Magistrate Wilson in Bangor three summers ago by Corporal Paul Davis of the Maine State Police. The island, a lonesome little upsprout of pine trees and rocks well offshore, is owned by contemporary classical composer Max Schubel, who rusticates there from early spring to late autumn each year, turning out symphony pieces and movie scores; winters he spends in Manhattan, at his midtown residence on the far West Side.

Bangor is far downstate, over 60 miles away on the coast. Magistrate Wilson was given this warrant request very early on a Saturday morning in mid-August—right at the start of pot-harvest season, in Maine. A pot warrant-request on a weekend morning in harvest season could suggest something pretty urgent and serious. The magistrate read with interest the "facts and circumstances" which had persuaded Corporal Davis—an 11-year veteran Maine state trooper—

that there was dope growing, dope already harvested and "drug paraphernalia" on that lonesome island upstate.

Greenville police chief Maxim "Nicky" Squiers had gone to that island late that May, Trooper Davis' affidavit recorded, "to serve a summons on Max Schubel to answer for a charge of theft of firewood." That was interesting. With him, Chief Squiers had taken a state game warden, Charles Davis, who was "trained to identify marijuana plants, and has in the past participated in the confiscation of marijuana."

And sure enough: "While on the said island, Warden Davis did notice a number of plants growing around the residence on said island occupied by Max Schubel, which appeared to him to be marijuana, although said plants were a pinkish color."

The said plants were of a pinkish color. The warrant request said so itself. Nevertheless, Magistrate Wilson kept on reading.

"Warden Davis did pick several leaves from the plants, which he felt were marijuana, said plants being in plain view," Trooper Davis had written under penalty of perjury. "I did have said leaves examined by Ronald Veilleaux and Steven Beal, who are employed by the Maine State Police Crime Lab, and who are experienced and trained in drug identification for a period in excess of seven years." And these veteran forensic chemists had identified the leaves as marijuana.

Then in mid-August, the very day before Magistrate Wilson was reading all this, "Warden Davis did fly over said island and observe the plants previously observed by him as still being located on said island." Ah, these crafty officers! They'd given this shady Schubel a whole summer to bring up a full crop, surveilling its progress from a high place, waiting even unto harvest season, so as to catch him with stalks hanging in the curing shed, manicure clippers and Ziploc baggies nearby, U-Hauls on the shore and maybe a speedy cigarette boat to scoot the contraband off the island under cover of darkness. What a sly, patient narcotics investigation!

"WHEREFORE it is requested that a warrant issue authorizing a search... of the island in Moosehead Lake known as Castle Island, being approximately one-half acre in size... and including any and all buildings on said island, for the following: *marijuana plants, harvested marijuana, and drug paraphernalia.*"

Magistrate Wilson signed this warrant. Conceivably the State of Maine

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A Self-Sufficient System

by JASO
(with Ed Rosenthal)

I wanted a system that I wouldn't have to visit for weeks at a time. That is, a system that would grow plants by itself. Since hydroponic

systems need adjustments, sometimes daily, I decided to try a deep soil bed because it can hold a tremendous amount of water and would need irrigation infrequently.

I broke the cement in my basement and got down to the soil

level. The "soil" was really a subsoil, almost a hardpan, so I dug that out to a depth of two and a half feet and used a small amount of it as a base for my mix. The mix included compost, manure, greensand, rock phosphate, sand and perlite. This medium has a nice texture, and needs to be watered only once every two or three weeks. It needs virtually no fertilization during the growing cycle. After each crop I add more greensand phosphate and composted manure or humus.

The growing area is 16 feet by 10 feet. There are three stationary 1000-watt metal halides illuminating the garden. I suppose that I should install moving lights, but I haven't had the time. I keep the lights on for 19 hours a day during the vegetative cycle.

The garden is ventilated by two fans: an intake, which pulls air in through a filter, and the outflow, which pushes the air out into a large backyard. Friends tell me that if I switched to CO₂, my yields would increase, but again, I haven't had a chance to do it.

I grow three varieties of indica sativa crosses, a total of 12 plants—all from clones. These plants are short, very bushy and very vigorous.



● Transplanted plants begin to flourish in basement system.

One variety, which I grow only one plant per crop, attracts pests to it, especially mites. Pests seem to leave the rest of the garden alone as long as that variety is around. To keep the pests in check, I douse the plant with soapy water and spray the plant every time I visit, every seven to ten days.

All of the varieties are early-maturing and heavy yielders. I take cuttings from each variety, four weeks after they're transplanted, and root them in small cups filled with the soil mix, lightened with a little vermiculite. I place them around the perimeter of the garden, on a plank of wood lying on the cement perimeter. I have about a

one-half to two-thirds success rate so I always take excess cuttings.

I transplant the rooted cuttings to 12-inch pots when they are two to three weeks old and place them in a small closet under a 400-watt metal halide until they are planted in the bed. At the same time (six to seven weeks after starting), the lights in the room are turned down to 12 hours. The plants finish flowering in six weeks.

At maturity the plants are only four to six feet tall, but they are thick with side-branches holding heavy buds, as well as a thick, ten-inch main cola. I get seven to eight pounds every three months from my mini-plantation. □



● Early-flowering plants are about a month away from picking.

*A cultivator's guide to creating
a setup that grows plants*

Crackdown

/ continued from page 36

world the oppressor-behemoth tries to crush a popular movement by lunging around in an excess of destructive fury. (Can you think of other examples?)

The people who settled in this region over the last twenty years in order to leave behind them the insanities of urban blight and malled-over America have, in the last two years, experienced a rude awakening. The police state has caught up to them at last, and is informing them that they will no longer be allowed to grow the one viable crop that affords them their economic subsistence here. There can be no mistaking the intentions of the county to use this means of running them out entirely. The local district attorney has been quoted as saying he expected small-scale growing to continue as ever, but would concentrate on getting the bigger, commercial-scale growers to move away. In the face of a threatened prison term, moving away would appear to be an appealing option.

Otherwise unemployed in a region where there are few other jobs, the growers' choice in responding to these tactics is to leave or fight back. Some have already left; some have begun to fight back—with lawsuits, with community meetings, with political-environmental newspapers; and by organizing in groups to monitor and publicize violations of what we all still assume to be our civil liberties.

We ask if anyone has suffered any direct consequences from all those Garberville and Redway business records being subpoenaed.

So far as anybody knows, just the businesses themselves. "The owner of the auto dealership in town," says the Farmer, "he worked out a compromise with them, where he had to turn over all his financial records that involved more than \$2,500 per person, and didn't have to turn in anything else, which actually eliminated just about everybody. It really hurt his business for a while, though—took him some time to gain back the confidence of the people. He's had to go out of his way to preserve his business integrity—to protect his customers. He sent them all an apology in the mail. And he's doing okay now. But I think it's outrageous that the government could come in and almost put him out of business that way, by making him comply—to give them what they wanted."

We mention our feeling that the surveillance techniques of the Nixonian era are on the ascendant again, and reminiscent of methods employed in Berkeley and the Haight-Ashbury.

"The problem is," says the Farmer, "every single subculture we've seen come on in the last 20 years is represented somewhere around here. There are so many trips involved in this whole scene that it just can't be kept cool."

"Tell 'em about the Who-Dos," says the Sharecropper's lady.

"Ever hear of the Who-Dos?" says the Sharecropper. "They're some kind of church that believes the world's made up of those who do and those who don't. So they're the Who-Dos. They came up here from the city and settled on a piece of land right near us. I've picked up members of their church hitchhikin' up the road that have just been really unable to communicate. Really spaced out. Kind of displaced people in general—a lot of former addicts, I think."

"Anyway, there was this spotter plane flyin' around our ridge last summer, and I watched it flyin' around for weeks—the same plane. For three or four days a week, every week, it'd come up and fly in these lazy circles up and down our ridge and the Who-Dos' ridge too. The feds must have seen every single pot plant that was growin' around there, because they were at it for weeks. It was the sort of thing that can kind of get to you after a while—whether you got grass growin' in the woods or not."

"So it got to the Who-Dos finally, and one of them—supposedly it was the head of their thing—he fired off a couple of shots at the plane with a rifle. The plane didn't come back after that. But about a week later, around eight o'clock in the mornin', a couple of helicopters came in and dropped teams on their ridge that's back behind ours, lookin' for the person who had shot at them. And they arrested him and took him away. I don't know about the rest of them, but I don't think there's hardly anybody left there now."

The Farmer pulls himself out of the tub and sits now on its side, his body steaming in the finer moisture of the gathering fog. The island mountaintops have disappeared, and our serene scene here on the rooftop is all that's left visible.

"Eventually," he says, "they identified the plane the Who-Do shot at as a DEA training plane. And it'd

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Capers

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could claim the whole island, Schubel's house and all, in a historic forfeiture action. If the pot had only not been pink.

MAX SCHUBEL CHERISHES HIS isolation out on his island, but on the Sunday morning of August 18, 1982, he was lucky enough to have visitors: his girlfriend and the conductor of the Springfield, Ohio Symphony Orchestra. He had witnesses, then, when the sound of a motor launch cutting through the lake caused him to look up from the concrete they were mixing for his house extension. The launch was a state fisheries craft, running low in the water because of the six rather large men aboard it, with forage caps and flak jackets and pump shotguns. Max washed his hands, and waited uneasily for them in front of the door of his house, which happens to be flanked by two ornamental Japanese red dwarf maple trees.

When he recognized Chief Squiers—"Nicky" Squiers to Max, who's known him 25 years—he felt only slightly less uneasy. Chief Squiers and composer Max Schubel have never been on terribly cordial terms. That fracas with the firewood warrant in the spring, for example. Max had been chainsawing firewood on what he'd believed to be state property one day, when Squiers more or less ambushed him out in the woods, in company with the caretaker for the private estate which it turned out, in truth, to be. If anyone had told Max it wasn't public land before fetching the police, or if Chief Squiers had just explained it to him without all this unpleasant warrant business and asked him to go... Many times it happens that rural people, and even rural police authorities, get a little short and nasty with rich city folks—outsiders—who can afford to spend their summers back in the woods. But the last time Schubel had spoken with Nicky Squiers, one day in May, out in the middle of the lake—Max in his boat, Chief Squiers and a game warden in their boat, a chance encounter out in the middle of the lake as Max was coming home, with groceries—Squiers had been quite pleasant and jovial, with no grudges or axes to grind.

Chief Squiers was not jovial on this particular day, coming up the walk with this squad of large armed state cops, clutching their 12-gauges stoutly against their flak jackets, looking around grimly and suspiciously over

the grounds and Max and his house guests. "Max Schubel?" one of the state cops barked as the squad spread out around him. "We've got a marijuana warrant for your arrest."

Max Schubel does not smoke pot. "What marijuana warrant?" he therefore asked. The cop handed him a bona-fide marijuana warrant. Right there it was in his hands, in front of his eyes, plain as day. On his personal island: *Marijuana plants, harvested marijuana, and drug paraphernalia.*

Max's mouth dropped wide open. "All I could think was, 'Setup.' It all flashed in my head: Nazi Germany, the breakdown of the judicial system, the whole thing." In Maine, the place Max Schubel comes from is commonly called "Jew York City."

Then the state cop asked Chief

aside with Police Chief Squiers for a private conference, which lasted some time. Then he asked Max rather briskly—more a command than a request—if he'd mind plucking some of these red leaves from his dwarf maple shrubs "for analysis." Max, whose blood pressure by this time was at E over High C, asked rather heatedly why he ought to do any such thing.

"Because I could take and arrest you right now," Max was told. "You're still a suspect in a narcotics investigation."

A narcotics investigation. Max Schubel of "Jew York City" felt the wisest thing to do, then and there, was to get these policemen off his property. He plucked some of his red maple leaves and handed them over, and the cops went away.

This time, the veteran chemists at the

"Where's the dope?"
"Right there," said the chief,
pointing at the dwarf maples.

Squiers, "Okay, where is it?"

"Right there," said Squiers, pointing at the two ornamental Japanese red maple shrubs flanking Max's driveway.

"Huh?" said State Trooper Paul Davis, with 11 years on the job, looking at these two lovely ornamental shrubs, with their leaves bright red even in mid-summer. Marijuana plants are almost always green, with green leaves. Few plants in all the world are as vividly green as growing marijuana. Marijuana plants are never red. These plants were red, and even if they had been green, they wouldn't have looked anything like marijuana plants. Which are green, and never red. Also, these plants had bark on them. Marijuana does not have bark on it.

"That's your marijuana?" Corporal Davis asked Chief Squiers. It was Corporal Davis, and not Chief Squiers or Game Warden Davis, who had declared under penalty of perjury that—"although said plants were a pinkish color"—he personally believed this stuff was marijuana.

State Trooper Corporal Davis stepped

State Crime Lab positively identified this herbaceous material as Japanese red dwarf maple, and the "investigation" was terminated. Max Schubel promptly went into Piscataquis County Court, asking petty-claims damages against Chief Squiers and Game Warden Davis in the amount of \$2,998 for violation of privacy under the Fourth Amendment.

"Hindsight is wonderful in this business," says Chief Squiers ruefully. In May of '82, while it was still very cold in Maine, the caretaker of a parcel of private property near Moosehead Lake—a wilderness tract owned by people who, like Schubel, visit it only in the summers—had heard a chainsaw working back in the property, several days running. Since it's not the caretaker's job to physically confront unknown trespassers poaching firewood, he called the town police. Chief Squiers quickly got a summons and drove out to the plot, and followed the caretaker out to where the chainsaw was operating. The operator turned out

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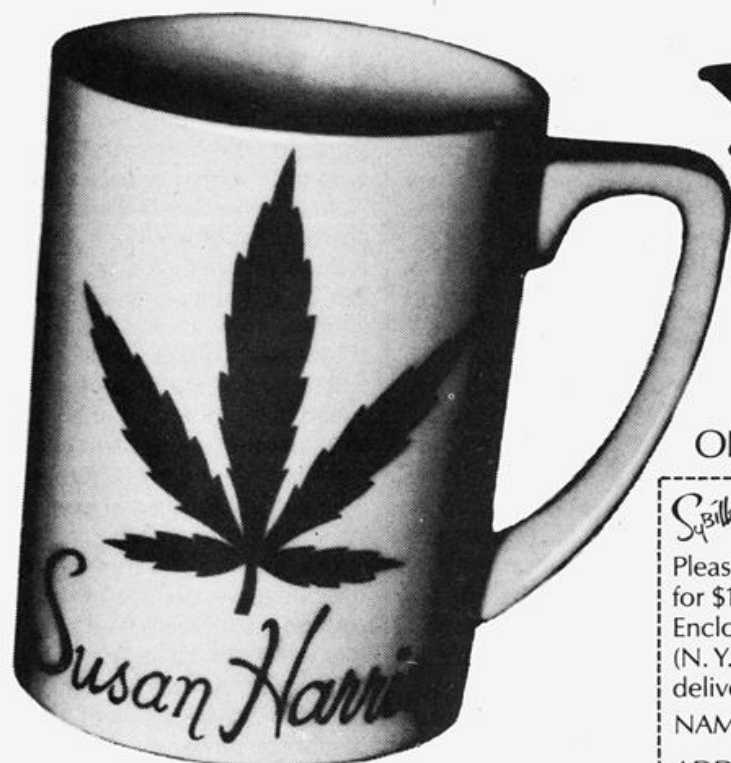
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Capers

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to be Max Schubel, provisioning his fireplace. Chief Squiers served him with the summons, and let him go.

"That's where the mistake was made," Nicky Squiers says in hindsight. "He should have been arrested right there, and then we wouldn't have had all this trouble. He should have been arrested, and taken down to the station and mugged, right there."

Because as it turned out, the summons was defective—"The wrong day was typed in or something," says Squiers—so Max was not obliged to honor it. Therefore, in mid-May, Squiers had to have a formal warrant typed up, charging firewood theft, and then he had to borrow Game Warden Charles Davis' boat to take it out to Schubel's island.

No one was there when they arrived and knocked at the door. On either side of the door, however, were these peculiar-looking shrubs, just coming into bloom. At the end of their bark-covered branches, the twigs were sprouting out exotic purplish-red leaves, right there in earliest springtime.

"It looked like a variety of marijuana called *sensamillion* [sic]," Chief Squiers clearly recalls to this day. "Any I've ever seen, the color is purplish." In court, defending himself against Schubel's lawsuit, Nicky Squiers told the judge that a 1982 Drug Enforcement Administration mailing of some sort had helpfully advised police officers that marijuana growers had lately begun cultivating a species of pot called "*sensamillion*," which is red, the DEA said.

Game Warden Davis agreed with Chief Squiers that this stuff might be some newfangled brand of pot, and so they plucked some leaves and tested them on the spot. "It's just a little kit, I don't know what the name of it is," says Chief Squiers. "It uses little vials and ampules. You put some leaves in, and if it turns a certain color—well, that's the test." Perhaps it was the Valtox Field Test, which is popular among local law-enforcement officers everywhere, because it's simple and fun to fiddle with, and the reagent colors are bright and pretty. Whatever brand this gimmick was, it turned those Japanese red dwarf maple leaves into marijuana, right before the eyes of these experienced law-enforcement officers.

So they decided not to serve the firewood warrant at Max's house that day, even when they met Max in the middle of the lake, coming home from the store

in his boat. They chatted pleasantly from one boat to the other, and left, betraying to the suspect no indication that a narcotics investigation was under way against him.

"Foresight is better than hindsight," agrees Corporal Paul Davis of the Maine State Police. "If we'd had a chemical analysis done, we would have dropped the case right there."

But what about these two veteran crime-lab chemists, Steven Beal and Ronald Veilleaux, who "did identify 'said leaves' as marijuana"?

"The first I heard about that case was when I heard about it on the radio," Sergeant Veilleaux of the state crime lab in Augusta was saying, well over two years after Corporal Davis put Veilleaux's name in that search warrant. "Why don't you ask the affiant about it?"

"Everybody said it was marijuana," says Corporal Davis, who took the little evidence packet of reddish-purple leaves he'd been given by Chief Squiers and showed it around all summer long. At one point, Corporal Davis says he walked into the trooper barracks in Augusta, across the way from the crime lab, and held up the baggie, and asked everyone what they thought was in it. "There were about fifty officers in that room, and they all to a man said it was marijuana." Among them, evidently, were chemists Beal and Veilleaux, even if they don't remember it now. "Except for the color, in all respects it's undistinguishable [sic] from marijuana," says Corporal Davis, 11 years on the force.

As to who actually composed that search warrant request, and cooked it up so deftly to deceive any reasonably drug-ignorant local magistrate, attorney Phil Worden of Guilford doesn't believe it was any of these officers themselves. Although he agreed to represent Max Schubel in his privacy-violation suit against Chief Squiers and Warden Davis, lawyer Worden has known all these cops personally for quite a while. There was no Gestapo malevolence here, just a comedy of errors, explains Worden. "You know how it is. There's always some guy in the state attorney's office who types up the warrant request, and interviews the officer before he composes the affidavit for him. That guy naturally tries to word it so there's the best chance the magistrate will approve it. And that's all that happened here."

"There was no malice here," emphasizes Corporal Davis, with every evidence of sincerity. "I sure wouldn't have wanted any paraquat-spraying done as a result of that mistake." □

Astronomy

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yourself better. A birth chart will show you your psychological motivations, your energy level, the way you respond in all situations in your life, how your emotions work, how you respond in partnerships, give you some direction about your interests, and the development of your potential."

But that level of conservatism is not good enough for the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal. Committee chairman Dr. Kurtz states categorically that "astrology is *pure* hokem. It's a kind of mythology. . . It developed before modern astronomy, and has been discovered by modern science over the past 300 years."

When asked if he acknowledges any difference between the "sun sign" astrology of newspaper columns and the detailed work of more serious astrologers, Kurtz says: "Astrologers tell us that they cast horoscopes that are more precise because they're based not simply on the sun sign but upon the position of the various planets at the exact time of birth. Of course, we've looked at that too, and we find those horoscopes to be equally fiction or fairy tale."

Kurtz cites a 1967 Michigan State University study of 3,000 marriages and 500 divorces. He says psychology professor Bernard Silverman found no statistical correlation between traditionally compatible or incompatible signs and the number of couples who got married or broke up.

Julia Parker prefers to link psychology and astrology in a more hands-on way. "Well-trained astrologers work in precisely the same way as marriage counselors, vocational guidance counselors and generally as psychoanalysts, and many people who are already psychoanalysts come in and take astrological training."

Parker trained at the Faculty of Astrological Studies in England. She says the three-year course requires rigorous study and that "in no way just because you finish the course do you get your nice little diploma. You jolly well have to earn it."

Is astrology true? Can it help people in their lives? Or is it an obsolete predecessor to astronomy that lingers as a fad and threatens the scientific literacy of America's young people? The answer lies, perhaps, in our stars. □

Ask Ed

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about two to four weeks for the seed to mature from fertilization.

THE QUESTION most asked in this column is, "How can I tell a male plant from a female plant?"

Male and female marijuana plants look different as they prepare to flower. The male, which is often the most vigorous plant during the vegetative stage, begins to elongate and starts to grow a flower spike which will tower over the females. Left undisturbed, the sacs on the spike will open and drop the pollen over the females. The plant looks thinner and less vigorous as the flower sacs mature. The flower buds look like little sacs hanging off the stem and flower spikes. As they mature they open into little five-petaled flowers.

As the female plant prepares for flowering, the stem gets stockier and the spaces between the leaves (internodes) shorten so that the plant will have more strength to hold the heavy flowers and seeds, which are soon to develop. The female flowers have no petals, just two hairs (stigma) which stand out and try to capture any pollen which might be in the air.

Both the hairs and the young male buds can be seen if the plants are looked at carefully. Sometimes this is easier to do using a magnifying glass or photographer's loop. Individual early flowers can sometimes be seen in the joint between the leaf and stem near the top of the plant. Once it is determined that a plant is male, it should be removed from the garden or the pollen will fertilize the female flowers, which will then produce seed.

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unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

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/ continued from page 67

patient's nose. Philbin revealed that he had been turned on to the cocaine doc by comedian David Brenner. Next came Dangerfield, who was given the snort-swab treatment by Reder's son and another doctor. (Reder was in the hospital at the time.) Rodney got the coke shoved up his nose as treatment for back muscle spasms and found it "very helpful." "Many of my patients are famous people," said Dr. Reder, who refused to name names. "There's nothing illegitimate about it." Evidently not, since Reder's cocaine treatment has been approved by the New York State Health Department.

However, as we were about to go to press, a major controversy erupted around Dr. Reder, when one of his patients sued the coke doc for malpractice, claiming the snort-swab treatment got her hooked. New Jersey housewife Hildegard Kurland claimed she received more than 100 twice-daily treatments of coke ranging in purity from 10 to 50 percent (street coke usually averages about 12 percent). She allegedly had three cocaine-induced seizures as a result of the treatments, and after a treatment by one of Reder's colleagues, she was hospitalized for an overdose. Kurland even got coke-soaked swabs to take home. Reder denied all wrongdoing, but the state's Office of Professional Medical Conduct is reportedly looking into the matter.

The Kurland suit really blew the lid off the cocaine doc story, and it was soon revealed just how many famous people were—and are—patients of Dr. Reder, patients who raved about the effectiveness of the cocaine treatments. Besides Philbin, Brenner and Dangerfield, Reder's celebrity clients include actors Yul Brynner and George C. Scott, billionaire shipping and real-estate magnate Daniel Ludwig, composer Jule Styne, divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchelson, investment banker Charles Allen (one of the principal players in Hollywood's David Begelman scandal, chronicled in the best-selling book *Indecent Exposure*) and fashion designer Jacques Bellini.

Bellini was especially effusive in his praise for the coke doc. "I was in traction two months," Bellini told the *New York Post* in defense of Reder. "They wanted to operate on me. I couldn't walk. I was crawling. I had

tried everything." In desperation, Bellini went to the coke doc. "In 20 minutes all my pain was gone and I could walk again. He saved my life."

"He's a marvelous physician," chimed in "palimony" lawyer Mitchelson. "He's helped me immeasurably with my chronic neck pains."

David Brenner said that Reder's treatment, technically known as "sphenopalatine ganglion block," had relieved his "crippling" back pains.

Jerry Garcia reportedly had large amounts of cocaine and heroin.

The comedian opined that Reder's coke therapy "will never be accepted by the AMA because it's an inexpensive treatment."

Maybe David Crosby should have tried the Reder method. Crosby, a longtime rock star and admitted freebase addict, had been ordered to undergo a drug treatment program by a Dallas, Texas judge after being arrested on coke and gun charges. Crosby was taking the cure at Fair Oaks Hospital in Summit, New Jersey when he suddenly decided he couldn't hack it and split from the hospital. A friend was waiting for Crosby in a car parked near Fair Oaks and drove the former Byrd to New York City. New York cops captured Crosby two weeks later. "I was a bundle of raw nerves," Crosby explained to a Dallas newspaper about his escape. "I was desperate to play music, my sustaining force, my job on this earth. I was just about to turn the corner, but I blew it. It was my mistake. But I missed my music and I was frustrated." Crosby was sent back to jail in Dallas, but then, incredibly, he was released on \$15,000 bail into the custody of bandmate Graham Nash so that they could tour this summer with Steve Stills. Meanwhile, Dallas prosecutors have refiled Crosby's

drug and gun charges.

Another rocker who made drug headlines, in a case that stunned rock fans everywhere, was Jerry Garcia. It's no surprise to see a member of the Dead in trouble with the law over dope; they've been busted a number of times on pot and psychedelics charges. It was the nature of the drugs involved in Garcia's bust that made it so shocking. The Dead's guitarist, nicknamed Captain Trips in the psychedelic '60s, was arrested in his car in Golden Gate Park and charged with possession of cocaine and heroin. Initial reports out of San Francisco said that Garcia had large quantities of both drugs, plus a lot of cash, and would be busted for possession with intent to sell. But the charges were reduced to simple possession, and Garcia was put in a drug diversion program.

Even royalty is not immune to the lure of drugs, as the shocked European public learned when it was revealed that Princess Stephanie of Monaco was hospitalized for treatment of a breakdown caused by heavy drug usage and a fast-lane lifestyle. When Stephanie was rushed to a private hospital for treatment of what palace spokespersons claimed was "gastroenteritis," the European press took off the gloves and revealed that she had actually suffered from an "overdose" of cocaine and alcohol. It was also reported that the Princess had been using large amounts of coke for months and had even experimented with heroin. Stephanie was put under extremely tight rein in the posh private hospital, with no gifts or flowers accepted and no visitors allowed except immediate family members, who were granted only limited visitation rights. Stephanie remained in the hospital a few weeks, but within days of her release she was photographed at a ski resort party looking totally ripped.

Last but certainly not least was the sad, almost unbelievable story of The Singing Nun. (Remember the disgustingly sweet hit single "Dominique"?) Jeanine Deckers, aka The Singing Nun, aka Sister Smile, had been ripped off by a crooked lawyer for most of the money she earned from her hit record, and when the lawyer died, Belgian tax officials began hounding Sister Smile for back taxes. She plunged into a severe depression and began taking tranquilizers and barbiturates to ease the psychological

pain. Finally, penniless and starving, Deckers and her roommate, Annie Pecher, washed down 300 barbs with a bottle of cognac, laid down together and died. They left behind a suicide note that put the blame squarely on the tax creeps. "I can no longer take the physical and mental pain of my persecution by the tax authorities," Deckers wrote. "I see no end to their torture and prefer to die."

Most celebrity dopers are luckier than The Singing Nun, and some have even turned their drug experiences into a profitable career sideline. Recovering celebrity drug abusers are a hot item on the lecture circuit, where they earn major money recounting their dope tales. Tops in the field are Johnny Cash, who hauls in \$15,000 per lecture; Betty Ford (\$10,000); Rosemary Clooney, a '50s jazz and pop singer who 'fesses up about her booze 'n' pill problems for \$7,500 per session; Dave Toma, former Newark undercover cop who, for \$5,000, recounts how he fell victim to the very drugs he was supposed to be battling; and the aforementioned Lauren Tewes. It seems that Americans who profess to being appalled by drug use are willing to shell out big bucks to be titillated by tales of decadence and eventual salvation.

So what's the point of all this? Are we at HIGH TIMES rehashing these stories simply because we're as sensation-mongering as the rest of the media? We like to think not. After our Hi-Q Test was published, we received a letter from the Director of the Phoenix Residential Community, a drug treatment program. The letter ended by thanking us "for showing that the beautiful people can become addicts, just the same as any other segment of society." That was precisely the point of that quiz, and the same is true of this article. While the government and its media mouthpieces continue to prattle on about the "drug problem" and depict dopers as the dregs of society, we think it's important to constantly remind everyone that *all kinds of people* use drugs and that the most pressing drug problem is the insane legislation that makes drug users criminals.

We would much rather run stories about happy, high people who use drugs as nature intended—to expand consciousness, alleviate suffering and bring *fun* into their lives. But that would be "glamorizing" dope. And we would *never* want to do that... □

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

The Feds' Criminal Crackdown

The Comprehensive Forfeiture Act of 1984 is a crime!

by Samuel J. Buffone

RECENT ATTEMPTS BY THE GOVERNMENT to seize attorneys' fees have sent shock waves through the defense bar. Beginning January 1, 1985, defense attorneys are required to report to the Internal Revenue Service the name of any person who pays them \$10,000 or more in cash. These reporting requirements, combined with new forfeiture laws that permit the government to seize virtually all of the assets of a criminally accused person, including any that have been transferred to any attorney as a fee, threaten to strip away some fundamental rights.

The passage of the Comprehensive Forfeiture Act in October of 1984 represents a significant stiffening of penalties and fundamentally changes the rules under which drug cases will be prosecuted. While in the past the rights of persons accused of drug offenses were more often honored in the breach, there were some fundamental rights that even the most pro-prosecution judge deferred to: the right to be represented by counsel, to communicate confidentially with him, and the presumption of innocence. The recent changes in the law of forfeiture introduce some new twists that challenge even *these* rights.

IN 1970, THE NIXON administration gave the government a new sledgehammer in the form of the RICO and Continuing Criminal Enterprise statutes. The fiction that a piece of property could be guilty of a crime was replaced by forfeiture as a criminal penalty. In a criminal forfeiture, any and all of the property owned by a defendant can be forfeited to the government if it bears even the slightest relationship to the commission of an offense. Under the concept of enterprise liability, the government was permitted to define a defendant's personal and

business affairs as an illegal "enterprise," which could be subject to forfeiture and seizure. These criminal forfeiture procedures were rarely used, and due to the complexities of required proof, were reserved for only the largest-scale cases.

Forfeiture as a penalty proved to be such an effective weapon that the Justice Department sought and received extension of it to all federal drug felony convictions. Since October 1984, any person convicted of a drug felony forfeits profits, anything that ill-gotten gains were converted into, and any asset that was used or intended to be used in the commission of the crime. Forfeiture follows automatically upon conviction.

It gets worse. The government's title to the property takes effect at the time that the drug offense was committed, not at the time of charging or conviction. Any transfer of property subsequent to the commission of the offense is void. This novel doctrine, known as "relation back," means that if the proceeds of a drug offense are used to buy a house, and the house is subsequently sold, the government can void the entire transaction and take the house. The new legislation also creates a presumption that the defendant's property was derived from the crime if the government merely shows that the property was acquired at or near the time of the drug offense and that the defendant had no other apparent means of acquiring it.

SO IT IS NOT ONLY the attorneys who may suffer. The Act, however, may well be aimed at them. The President's Commission on Organized Crime has recently focused on the laundering of drug proceeds and the role of attorneys in the drug business. Their inquiry has paralleled a Department of Justice em-

phasis on tracking down the flow and source of money in drug cases and indicting attorneys and accountants wherever possible.

Whatever the motive of this new emphasis, a by-product may well be a stifling of vigorous defense of those accused of drug offenses. The role of the defense attorney has been recast from a constitutionally-mandated activity to that of a commodity. One of the nation's highest law enforcement officials recently commented, "If you have drug money, you're not allowed to buy a plane with it, a house with it, or more drugs with it. Why should there be a different rule for lawyers' fees? That money is blood money." In a similar vein, a federal district court judge, in finding that attorneys' fees were subject to forfeiture, recently stated, "In the same manner that a defendant cannot obtain a Rolls Royce with the fruits of a crime, he cannot be permitted to obtain the services of attorneys from these same tainted funds."

The dangers are obvious. Where the prosecutor and the court can effectively veto choice of counsel and preclude a defendant from using any of his assets to retain counsel, the defense bar can be limited to those who will play the role that is desired.

The rules of the game have been fundamentally changed. The harshness of the current law can only be challenged by vigorous advocacy, and it is precisely this that the Act threatens. The presumption of innocence is not a Rolls Royce, but a fundamental constitutional principle. The choice is not between a Rolls Royce and a used car, but between repression and freedom.

Mr. Buffone is partner in the Washington, D.C. law firm of Buffone & Privitera, P.C., who specializes in representation of defendants involved in criminal forfeitures.

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With the dog days of summer fully upon us, it's definitely T-shirt time. But last year's shirts are, well, old and dangerously out-of-date. Perfect for updating your summer wardrobe is the brand new line of **PROTO PIPE T-SHIRTS**. Brought to you by the folks who produce the state-of-the-art Proto Pipe, a self-contained smoking system, the Proto tees are hilarious shirts that are sure to get you noticed on the beach, in the bars or wherever else your quest for summer fun takes you. There are 23 different shirts in all, including the three pictured here, four by the late, great artist Vaughn Bode, the hilarious guru Sri Adenoidana (whose slogan is "When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's nirvana"), and our favorite, Teddy Punk ("in eye-searing punkromatic purple!"). The Proto Pipe T-shirts are for \$10.50 each (two for \$18.95 or three for \$26.95) from Proto Prints, P.O. Box 129, Willits, CA 95490.



Psychedelia Lives!

by Rosemary Passantino

DON'T REFER TO the Bangles, Three O'Clock, Dream Syndicate, Long Ryders, or True West as Paisley Underground bands. According to drummer Danny Benair, who claims Three O'Clock bandmate Michael Quericio coined that term about four years back, the concept is obsolete. "We all used to be pretty tight, playing California dives, helping each other out. But now everybody's trying to forge their own sound and see how far they can go with it. Most of us are still friends, but it's hard to keep in touch when you're busy touring and recording."

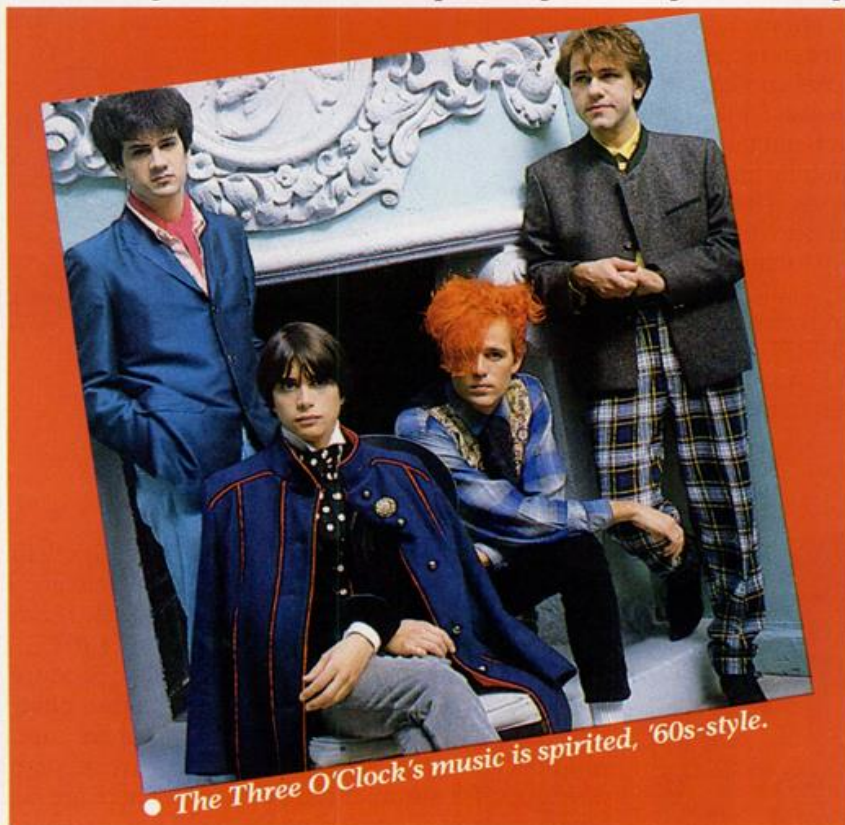
"All these labels get a little dull after awhile," noted Bangle Susanna Hoffs in a recent interview. "There are sounds from the '60s we grew up loving, but we're definitely not a revival band."

In a *Matter* magazine article, titled "Is the Dream Syndicate Fed Up With Feedback?," now ex-Syndicate guitarist Karl Precoda said those in search of neo-psychedelia "can go see somebody else... those bands seem to grow like fungus." And although the Long Ryders' debut EP, *10-5-60*, contained a mail-in postcard "for more information from the Paisley Underground," they too are looking to distinguish themselves from the scene which gave them their start.

Around 1981, "paisley bands" such as these countered California's prevailing hardcore punk sound by

drawing from the pop, melodic, hypnotic sounds and sentiments of bands like the Byrds, Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver Messenger Service, plus psychedelic Beatles songs like "Rain" and "Strawberry Fields Forever." As well as reflecting the sun-drenched California lifestyle, these groups highlighted the irony of using headbanging force to protest systems of violence like big business and the military, two of hardcore's main targets. Paisley bands made hanging out in L.A. clubs like the Whiskey and the Troubador safe again; they were more concerned with romance and transcendence than politics and the exorcism of post-modern adolescent angst. Curved, colorful, abstract paisley patterns, Summer of Love hairstyles and go-go boots also figured greatly in the retro-appeal of these bands. Remember how new dayglo looked rebounding onto the fashion racks in the spring of '84?

AS CAPITALISM WILL have it, once independent releases by the Dream Syndicate, Bangles and Three O'Clock began racking up impressive sales figures, major labels came stalking. *The Bangles*, an EP on the now-defunct Faulty Products label, sold upwards of 30,000 copies. Before signing with Columbia Records, the image of this female quartet was stylish but natural. But if the cover of their debut LP, *All Over the Place*, displays four spiffed women ready for videoland, dye-jobs and pancake makeup haven't gotten in the way of the Bangles' stunning singing, songwriting and strumming. Their pop bright beats and full-throated four-part harmonies often cause critics to call up comparisons to the Go Go's, or the Mamas and the Papas, but the Bangles' self-possessed lyrics give them a feminist edge. On "Dover Beach" Susanna



● The Three O'Clock's music is spirited, '60s-style.

Photo by Ann Summa

*L.A. bands bring back the '60s spirit
("but don't call us 'Paisley'")*

Hoffs sings, "If I had the time I would run away with you," making clear that her professional ambition comes before the pleasures or obligations of a relationship. Rumor has it guitarist/vocalist Hoffs recently turned down Prince's persistent efforts to get her to join his entourage—she's wise enough to know the Bangles have got what it takes to conquer the world on their own terms.

Frontier, an independent one-woman record company, changed the name of the Salvation Army to the Three O'Clock before releasing *Sixteen Tambourines*. That album, which sold 15,000+, speaks charmingly pop Beatlese but at times lapses into tiptoe-through-the-tulips wimpoidity. Signed to IRS, this band, like the Bangles, chooses to remain true to their original vision. On *Arrive Without Travelling*, an enthralling piece of paisley pop, the persistence pays off. Michael Quericio's instantly identifiable tenor has been beefed up with transcendent '80s production, and much of the music is marked by a harder, but not heavy, attack. The Three O'Clock prove it's never too late to be strident Beatles' fans; their hook-ridden tunes



● *Dream Syndicate: major staff shakeup after weak album*

cop countless upbeat licks and lyric ideas from songs such as "Day Tripper," "Taxman" and "I'm Looking Through You." Writing in various group configurations, the band shuffles these circa '65-'70 riffs, dealing out fresh-sounding originals like "Half the Way There," "Her Head's Revolving" and "Underwater." *Arrive Without Travelling* sounds spirited, effortless, and uplifting—which is, after all, what mid-'60s psychedelia was all about.

guarantee a great record; the Dream Syndicate's leap into major label status is a case in point. After taping *Down There* on an eight-track in guitarist Steve Wynn's basement, and releasing the college radio hit *Day of Wine and Roses* on the then-independent Slash, the Dream Syndicate was generally regarded as a great white hope in a time when black pop ruled the Top 40 and the critics were raving on hip hop. But without bassist Kendra Smith's

/ continued on next page

STUDIO CARTE BLANCHE and big backing do not, however,



● *The Bangles: stunning singing, strumming and songwriting*



HIGH 5IVES

Alternative Record Charts by John Leland

ALBUMS

1. **Sonic Youth**, *Bad Moon Rising* (Homestead). This New York experimental noise quartet shows dramatic growth. The group's strategic weapon is still guitar-inflicted dissonance, but here the noise is as often hauntingly beautiful as it is wrenchingly painful.

2. **Toure Kunda**, *Natalia* (Celluloid). Natives of Senegal living in Paris, the Toure brothers lay into a hypnotic and powerful amalgam of Third-World music, from Arabic to Cuban to Caribbean.

3. **Madhouse**, *Madhouse* (Fountain of Youth). With vocals that run rampant over chunky guitar rhythms, the debut from this Maryland quartet sounds uncannily like the punkier side of X. Hooray!

4. **D.O.A.**, *Let's Wreck the Party* (Alternative Tentacles). Vancouver's rowdiest and most enduring punk band gets its crack at high fidelity. Not as inspired as the classic "War on 45," but potent enough rock 'n' roll.

5. **Meat Puppets**, *Up on the Sun* (SST). A bit of a disappointment after the transcendently warped punkabilly of their sophomore LP, but this platter still delivers lots of Curt Kirkwood's twisted guitar playing.

SINGLES & EPs

1. **Afrika Bambaataa**, "We're Gonna Rock America" (Tommy Boy). Bambaataa's first solo record is a roof-raising funk rock anthem that hangs with Edwin Starr's "War" and Funkadelic's "One Nation Under a Groove." And that's some pretty heavy company.

2. **Minor Threat**, "Salad Days" b/w "Stumped" & "Good Guys" (Dischord). Between Minor Threat and the Bad Brains, D.C. once had the best one-two hardcore punch on the planet. Threat resurfaces via

a 1983 recording to bring back the heat: monstrous hooks burned into the eardrums at supersonic tempos. Someone canonize these fuckers.

3. **Minutemen**, *Tour-Spiel EP* (Reflex). This throwaway collection of four covers (Van Halen, Creedence, Blue Oyster Cult and Meat Puppets) shows just how talented the minimalist punkers from San Pedro are—no matter what they play, it still sounds like their own idiosyncratic antifusion music.

4. **Gang Green**, "Sold Out" b/w "Dub" (Taang). So I'm celebrating the end of summer by trying to fuse my eardrums together, what about it? This record is a wonderful reminder of just how intensely exciting good hardcore can be.

5. **Southern Culture on the Skids**, "Rock-a-Hula Rock" & "Swamp" b/w "Voodoo Beach Party" & "I Knew a Girl (Who Never Said No)" (Scots). A wonderfully cheap slice of swamp trash; like a Cramps demo without the commitment to concept.

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Taang, 84 Oak St., Weston, MA 02193

/ continued from previous page

murky bottom (she split to form the bland Clay Allison with Rain Parade guitarist David Roback), the Dream Syndicate devolved into a rambling-man guitar band on *Medicine Show*. Karl Precoda is the most talented young guitarist to emerge from the paisley scene, but his evocative, austere lead punctuations seem far removed from Steve Wynn's loose strumming and pseudo-macho lyrical posing. (In fact, Precoda has left the band, to be replaced by Paul Cutler.) I don't know anyone who would fall for the line Wynn's humorless baritone wields on "John Coltrane Stereo Blues": "Got some fine wine in the freezer, mama, I know what you like..."; do you?

Guitars also figure heavily in the sounds of the Long Ryders and True West, two bands who give neo-psychedelia a roots-rocking twist. Like the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield, the Long Ryders mix Prince Valiant haircuts with suede fringes and cowboy boots, and their two records, *10-5-60* and *Native Sons*, reflect a similar musical amalgamation of California country and airy psychedelia. They flavor rollicking hooters like "Final Wild Son" (which draws heavily on Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues") and "Run Dusty Run" with steel guitar, mandolin, banjo and autoharp. "Too Close to the Light" and "Ivory Tower" (on which ex-Byrd Gene Clark sings harmony) are ponderous paisley contemplations sprinkled with wavering sustain and sitarish approximations.

Rolling Stone likened the guitars on True West's *Drifters* to "cathedral spires," but relentlessly repetitive drumming tends to obliterate the pleasant picking. And the album's finest cut, "And Then the Rain," has already been released twice, on *The Battle of the Garages* compilation and the band's Steve Wynn-produced debut, *Hollywood Holiday*. It's a good song, but not *that* good.

So where will following the sun get you? If you're in a band it will get you on the radio, hopefully, where a new generation of music lovers lies waiting to get turned on to your love of the past. If you're a fan, like me, you're uncovering the apparently infinite riches of a twenty-odd-year rock tradition.

Look around—the magical mystery tour hasn't ended yet. □

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The Honeymoon Resumes

by Laura Cottingham

GIVEN THE COMPULSIVE popularity of *Dallas* and *Dynasty* and other television tributes to the lives and lies of the super rich, what's to explain the current revival of Jackie Gleason's poverty classic, *The Honeymooners*? Although thirty-nine episodes of the 1955 *Honeymooners* series have hardly been off the air since their premiere twenty years

ago (each installment has aired over 100 times), this month Showtime cable network will present a *Honeymooners* special. Next month Showtime will begin airing fifty "lost" sketches. By the fall of 1986, 65 half-hour shows will go into national syndication. That's a lot of honeymooning.

If the Kramden's dismal kitchen on Chauncey Street, Brooklyn doesn't offer the dazzle of *Dallas* interiors, well, Larry Hagman's JR doesn't offer the humor, sincerity or creativity of Gleason's Ralph Kramden either. Based on Gleason's own boyhood memories of Brooklyn and Chauncey Street grownups, *The Honeymooners* radiates an authenticity of life and spirit not found on any other television serial since.

The reality and liveliness of the show is owing to Gleason's unparalleled control of everything: the writing, the hiring of actors, his own performance. Through his producer authority, he was able to shape the show to reflect both his memories and talent. That the show was broadcast live also enhanced the overall performance: all of the actors had to be professional and energetic enough to carry a show through without relying on the techniques of an editing room.

If America's viewing audience is intimidated by the enormous amount of wealth and the inordinate number of love affairs of *Dallas* and *Dynasty* characters, the *Honeymooners* gives us a foursome

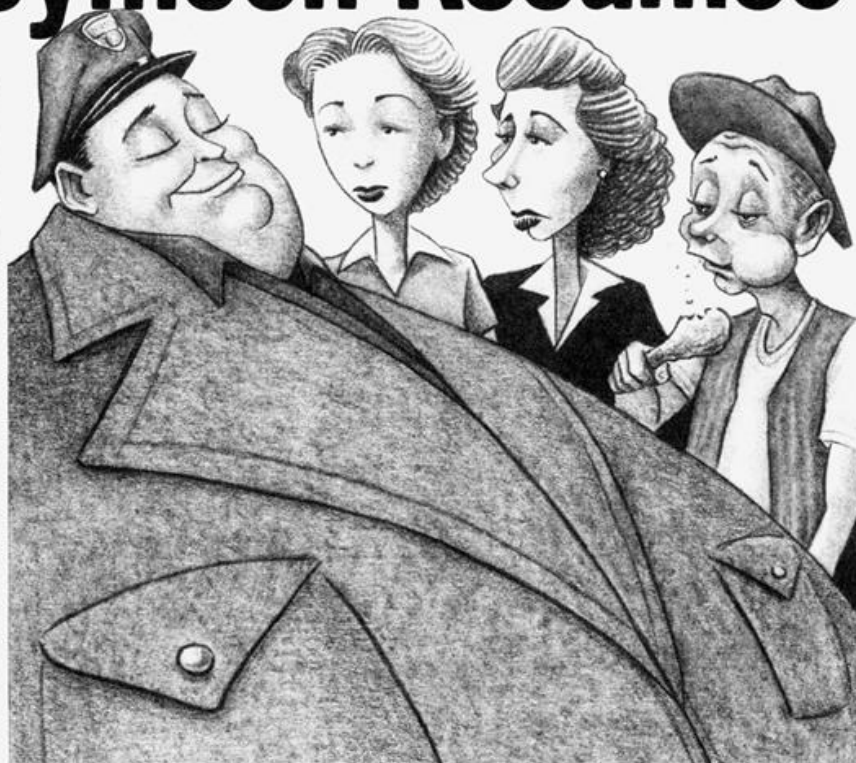


Illustration by Jeff Wong

we can feel superior to. Gleason's Ralph Kramden has an ego surpassed in size only by his whale-like bulk, and he works as a bus driver. Art Carney's Ed Norton bumbles through life, vulnerable to Ralph's everyday schemes; and he works in the sewers. While their wives, Alice and Trixie, don't scheme and make buffoonery as much as the boys, they are, nonetheless, married to two of the most infantile and troublesome of men. And if the *Honeymooners'* lifestyle lacks the luster Americans like to look at, it doesn't mean it's not there: Ralph and Ed aren't rich, but they sure want to be.

THE MOST POPULAR CONCEIT on the show is Ralph's attempt to make a quick buck—usually he wants *lots* of bucks. He tries everything. He even appears on *The \$99,000 Answer*—a mocking of the most popular TV game show in the '50s, *The \$64,000 Question*—but, predictably, fumbles badly. Although Ralph and Ed fail with each new get-rich scheme, this succession of failures never makes us feel sorry for them because their attempts at success are always totally unrealistic in the first place.

And failure has no lasting impact on the *Honeymooners*: everything stays the same; they never suffer a

crisis that lasts. Ralph and Ed always get their jobs back. No matter how many times Ralph threatens to punch Alice during the episode, they always end with a warm embrace of "Baby, you're the greatest." The most common of personal tragedies—illness, divorce, and death—never happen to our *Honeymooners*, which might explain Gleason's choice of title.

According to Donna McCrohan's *The Honeymooners' Companion*, when CBS dropped the show in 1970 and Archie Bunker made his television debut with *All in the Family*, rumors spread throughout the country that Ralph and Archie were the same person. Though not true, the rumor was nonetheless based on an understanding of a continuum between the two series. Both feature working-class families dominated by an egomaniacal but eventually endearing patriarch, and both rely on the battle of the sexes for humor.

Although *All in the Family* pioneered the "social issue" format, forcing Archie to come to terms with his prejudices each week, the *Honeymooners* set a precedent for TV's exploration of marital strife. Week after week, a frustrated Ralph threatened to "send Alice to the moon." Ralph's aggressive

posturing was curbed by the fact that he never actually hit Alice and, more often than not, viewers knew that Alice was in the right, Ralph in the wrong. Ralph verbalized his superiority to his wife constantly. But unlike the fate of the married woman in most TV series today, Alice always had the upper-hand comeback. A typical exchange is Ralph screaming: "I wear the pants around this house." To which Alice dryly retorts: "Believe me. Those pants would fit around this house."

WHEN GLEASON AND Audrey Meadows, the most popular actress in Alice's role, appeared in an NBC "Honeymooners' Reunion" in May, Gleason asked Meadows why she thought Alice put up with Ralph threatening to punch her out all those years. "She never believed him," Meadows cooed, "She knew he was just a little boy at heart, running around in the Dark Ages of male supremacy."

In the "lost" episodes, available on cable this fall and soon to be mass-syndicated, Ralph, Alice, Ed and Trixie run around the cities of Europe. Starring Sheila MacRae and Jane Kean with Gleason and Carney, the new rerun episodes are from the 1966-67 season; the only season other than the '55-56 that was syndicated. In this series, Ralph finally becomes a "winner." With Norton's help, he writes some slogans and wins a \$40,000 ranch house from Flakey Wakey diet breakfast cereal. But to win the house, he had to fake "before" and "after" photos—using Norton's skinny self for the "after," and Norton padded with pillows for the "before." The Flakey Wakey people catch on to the ruse, but luckily for Ed and Ralph, the company wants to keep the jingle they wrote ("Flakey Wakeys add to the taste/But take away from your fat little waist," so they're awarded the second prize, a trip to Europe for four.

Next we find the Kramdens and the Nortons embarrassed as Ralph gets his blubber stuck in a small car in Rome, in trouble when they accept counterfeit money in Paris, heroic when Ralph spends a night in the Kramden ancestral castle in Dunellin, Ireland. After months of adventure, they return to Chauncey Street, tired, broke, and ready to resume a working class Brooklyn existence. Honeymooners, indeed. □

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Young Turk of Shock Flicks

by Jim Farber

DAN O'BANNON HAS BEEN lurking in the shadows of horror/sci-fi films for some time now, but 1985 seems to be his year for lunging to the forefront. He's been involved in the

strange side of cinema since 1974, when he worked on John Carpenter's directorial debut, *Dark Star*—sort of a stoned-out "hippies in outer space" movie. O'Bannon co-wrote, edited, starred in, contributed special effects to, did everything for the movie but brew coffee.

O'Bannon also cowrote the scripts for the stylish scare movie *Alien* (1979) and the action-thriller *Blue Thunder* (1983). But this year he really comes into his own with no less than three projects. He cowrote the recent *Lifeforce* (based on Colin Wilson's novel *Space Vampires*) and penned the remake of William Cameron Menzies' 1953 classic, *Invaders From Mars* (slated to scare the bejesus out of you this Christmas). Most important to O'Bannon, though, he's finally gotten to direct his first feature, the forthcoming *Return of the Living Dead*, which, characteristically, he also wrote.

If the title of O'Bannon's directorial debut sounds like it's treading dangerously close to George Romero's living dead turf, there's a good, if rather complicated, reason. The producers of O'Bannon's film actually had license to allude to the title of Romero's 1968 original, *Night of the Living Dead*, even though Romero has been doing sequels of his own, including this summer's third installment, *Day of the Dead*. "Way back, Romero had given rights to a sequel to John Russo, who wrote the original *Night of the Living Dead* script," O'Bannon explains from his home

in L.A. "Russo sold the rights to a producer, who then gave it to Tobe Hooper to direct. [Hooper is the director of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Poltergeist*, *Fun House*, etc.] Tobe asked me to do the script, but then he left the project to direct *Lifeforce*, and the producers offered it to me."

O'Bannon grabbed the directorial reins, even though he wasn't thrilled about the circumstances. "Obviously I wouldn't have wanted my first project to be a sequel to someone else's work," the 37-year-old O'Bannon

explains. "But I always wanted to direct and so I felt I had to compromise. And my movie is totally different than Romero's films. It's a comedy—kind of like a horror equivalent of *Dark Star*."

O'Bannon feels the directing credit was especially important since his years as a screenwriter were marked by constant frustration. He's still fuming over his early relationship with John Carpenter, whom he met when the two were film students at USC. "With *Dark*"

/ continued on page 93



● Zombies get the munchies in *Return of the Living Dead*.

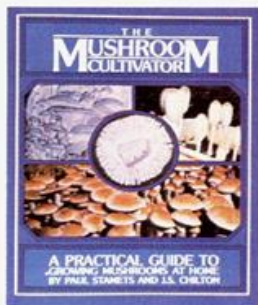
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O'Bannon

/ continued from page 90

Star I put all my eggs in one basket, and John just snatched them up." O'Bannon says. "He used all my ideas and took the credit. For all of his films through *The Thing*, I always saw my ideas up there on the screen. I had written a script called *They Bite*, which was never made, and John cribbed ideas from that for *The Thing*. I once confronted him about his tendency to do this and I'll never forget what he said: 'Dan, if you don't want me to steal it, don't tell it to me.' Later, I saw an interview he gave where he had the nerve to say I stole ideas from *Dark Star* for *Alien*."

ACTUALLY, O'BANNON himself wasn't too thrilled with how his script for *Alien* turned out. "I like Ridley (Scott, the director). I'd work with him again. But the producers turned my script to drivel."

O'Bannon had wanted to direct *Alien* himself, but since he wasn't exactly a hot property at the time, the producers wouldn't go for it. Ridley Scott's direction may not

have been overly concerned with script or character, but his film was a visual marvel, and O'Bannon himself was impressed by this. "I would never direct a film like Ridley, but it was interesting to watch how he photographs and decorates a scene. I learned some things from him."

He has less kind words for John Badham, the director of *Blue Thunder*, which O'Bannon cowrote with friend and frequent collaborator Don Jakoby. "Twice Badham tried to buy another original script from me after that, and I said, 'no way.' He'd have to get an international cartel to wrestle one away from me."

Apparently it was an entirely different story with Tobe Hooper (who directed *Lifeforce* and is now doing O'Bannon's *Invaders From Mars*). "In *Lifeforce*, Tobe shot the script I wrote," he says. "You wouldn't get two scripts from me if I didn't like working with you."

O'Bannon feels an especially close connection with *Invaders From Mars*. "When I saw the original film I was the same age as the main kid in it," he says. "I also lived in a similar small town, so it made a tremendous impression on me."

As closely as O'Bannon identifies with horror/sci-fi, he says he's now "burnt out on it." Consequently, he recently turned down directing duties on some pretty heavy projects, including the *Spiderman* movie (which Tobe Hooper will now direct), the new *Batman* and a remake of *The Fly*. Of the last, he says, "At first I was interested in that one, until I saw how they were planning on changing it from the original."

Right now the writer-director is taking his time choosing his next project. "It always takes time when you want to make a leap—like I did from writer to director. Now I want to make the leap from a genre director to the mainstream."

"Horror really is the simplest thing to do, the easiest buttons to push in people, because everyone's afraid of the same things. The best horror films have actually been done by people who were not known for horror—like Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956), Gordon Douglas' *Them!* (1954) and Howard Hawks' *The Thing* (1951)... I think my movie, *Return of the Living Dead*, is good fun, but more broadly, it's a means to an end: to direct something with more depth." □

Screen Scene

● It's nice to know that some Hollywood executives are concerned with the truly important issues of our times. While some misguided moguls insist on making so-called "message" films such as *The China Syndrome*, *Testament* and *The Day After*, there are a few right-thinking filmmakers who prefer to deal with the *real* plague of our times. I'm talking, of course, about the dreaded marijuana menace. Oh, sure, I know you would rather turn your back on this problem and pretend it didn't exist, but the fact is that someone you know, or even—dare I say it?—you may be the victim of the horrors of the evil weed. Producer Seymour Borde is about to revive one of the most important films in the history of the cinema: *Reefer Madness*. Borde's film, to be called *Reefer Madness: The True Story*, will

expose the marijuana menace in all its lurid details: the wild parties, the drug-crazed teenagers, the uncontrollable fits of laughter, and worst of all, the deviant sex orgies that inevitably follow the smoking of this assassin of youth. *Reefer Madness*, *The True Story* will use the

original film with the addition of a new soundtrack by the L.A. Connection. Wait a minute... It says here that this L.A. Connection—a suspicious name if I've ever heard one—is a comedy group. What in the world could a comedy group have to do with such a serious—Oh, no... Don't tell me they intend to make a joke out of this classic cautionary tale by adding a "spoof" soundtrack?! Surely Nancy Reagan would never allow such a thing. What is this country coming to?!



● *Reefer Madness* will be reissued with a spoof soundtrack.

The Father of Modern Sci-Fi

by Nathaniel Jordan

WITHOUT OLAF STAPLEDON, science fiction classics as diverse as *Childhood's End*, *Dune*, the *Foundation* trilogy, *Methuselah's Children*, *More*

Than Human, *The Sirens of Titan*, *Solaris* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* might never have existed. No one in the whole field of science fiction has worked on as broad a canvas—the remaining two billion years of mankind, the birth and death of the cosmos—or delved

into such mystical, arcane matters as the psychology and aesthetics of stars in their dancing orbits, or plant men who function as vegetables by day and as animals by night.

More ambitious, far-reaching and mind-boggling than any other s-f practitioner, this English philosophy teacher who died thirty-five years ago is still far from becoming a household name, either in the U.S. or England. But there are plenty of signs that an awakened interest in Olaf Stapledon is finally beginning to take hold. Two excellent book-length critical studies devoted to his work have appeared in this country over the past three years, and about ten years back, one English enthusiast, Harvey Satty, announced the formation of an Olaf Stapledon Society. One also finds the author's name cropping up in unexpected places—from the remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (where Veronica Cartwright recommends *Star Maker*, Stapledon's masterpiece, to a Bellicec Mud Bath customer as "must reading") to Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (whose eponymous hero discusses and claims to have known Stapledon).

Over half a century ago, when Stapledon's first novel was published

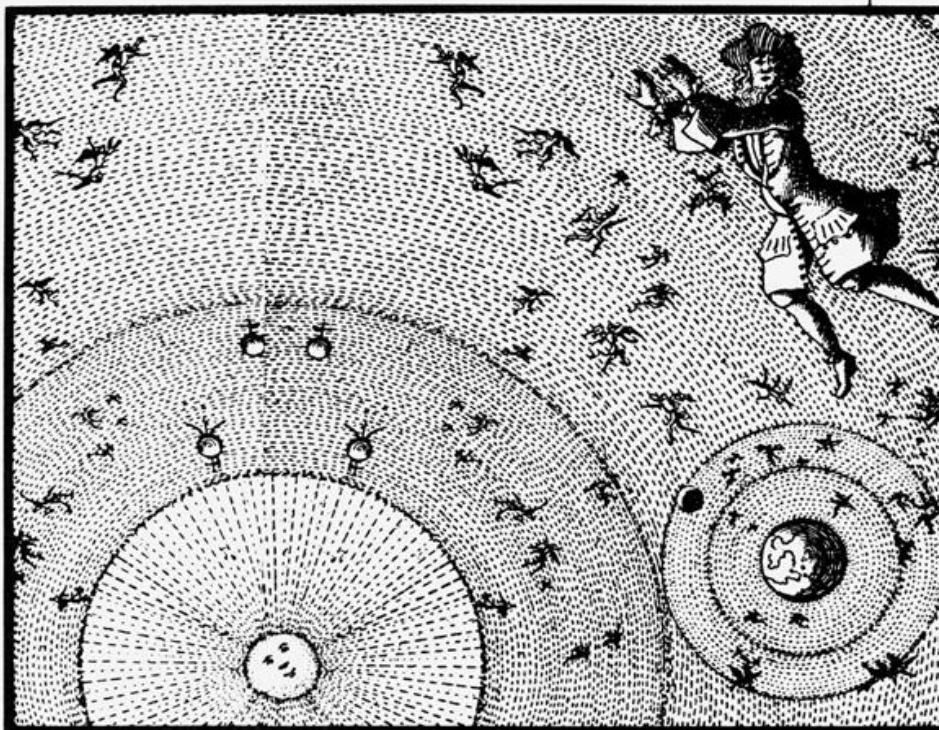
in 1930—a "history" of the remaining two billion years of mankind entitled *Last and First Men*—he certainly had more clout in the higher literary circles. Arnold Bennett, Winston Churchill, Alfred Kazin, J.B. Priestly, V.S. Pritchett, Hugh Walpole and H.G. Wells all expressed admiration for this strange fruit from a late-blooming author, who was already well into his mid-forties when he started writing fiction.

IN ITS TOTALITY, *Last and First Men* tells a story, and a sadly elegiac one, about "this brief music that was man"—but it is a story in which whole eons of individual generations often take on the qualities of single characters. And the plot takes many unexpected turns: the Second Men, for example, emerge about 98,000 years in the future, after a global holocaust which reduces the world population to thirty-five people who happen to be around the

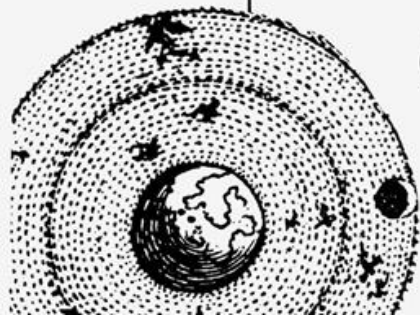
North Pole at the time.

Stapledon followed up *Last and First Men* with an inferior sequel, *Last Men in London* (1932), in which the same Neptunian narrator takes up temporary mental residence in an individual in present-day England. Then came a more conventional science fiction novel on the superman theme, *Odd John* (1935), which remains possibly his best-known work—if not quite his best. His greatest work, *Star Maker* (1937), came next—a book about the entire history and breadth of the cosmos, conceived on so grand a scale that the entire "action" of *Last and First Men* is incidentally summarized in less than a single paragraph, a passing detail in a monumental (and very beautiful) tapestry.

Even more difficult to synopsise than either of the *Last Men* books, *Star Maker* begins and ends with a conventional Englishman in a small



Olaf Stapledon was the original
mind-boggling sci-fi author



town, retreating to a hillside in the midst of a marital crisis to contemplate the stars. There he experiences a vision which allows him to travel across the universe in a disembodied state, visiting first inhabited worlds in other solar systems whose spiritual evolutions parallel that of man. Gaining telepathic communication with representatives from these other planets, he joins a community of symbiotic spirits who travel across the universe learning about life on worlds more and more remote from their own. The gradual expansion of this "we" to include the consciousness of the entire cosmos—which eventually includes even the alien psychology of stars and their own interactions—ultimately brings this collective mind face to face with the *Star Maker* himself, and a climactic recognition of the nature of the creation of the cosmos... not to mention a whole series of *other* cosmoses which preceded and will follow this one.

CONCEPTUALIZING and visualizing this sort of staggering immensity is no easy matter for the uninitiated reader; but Stapledon's brilliance makes it lucid, imaginable, anything but purely abstract. An agnostic throughout his life, Stapledon remains a rarity among writers by being a rational mystic with a sense of the concrete, a humanist visionary with a profound—and profoundly English—sense of the everyday. His mainly humdrum, unpretentious prose—which has partially served to prevent him from acquiring either the reputation of a modernist or the popularity of a yarn-spinner—is actually a crucial part of his equipment, and a central aspect of his strength. Without it, we would never believe in the splendor of his designs.

FOLLOWING *STAR MAKER*, Stapledon published six more novels between 1942 and 1950, at least two of which—*Sirius* (1944) and *The Flames* (1947)—deserve the status of classics. He also published nine books of nonfiction between 1914 and 1946, most of them forgotten (and forgettable) works of pop philosophy, sincere but pedestrian. While his work remained topical over the two decades after *Last and First Men*, it quickly went out of fashion.

Significantly, Stapledon didn't

even consider himself a s-f writer. Although he admitted in a 1937 interview that he had read Verne, Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs, he added that he had come across his first s-f magazine only the previous year, and was anything but impressed. As the great Argentinian writer Jorge Luis Borges once noted, in an introduction to the French edition of *Star Maker*, Stapledon's style "suggests that before writing he had read a great deal of philosophy and not many novels or poems."

Borges also drew attention to the honesty and paradoxical lack of hubris in a work so all-encompassing as *Star Maker*: "Stapledon doesn't shore up inventions to distract or stupefy the reader; with an honest rigor, he pursues and retraces the complex and obscure vicissitudes of his coherent dream." It is almost as if he were dutifully furnishing a mundane road map which allows the reader to trudge through infinity and eternity, seeing what there is to see. □

Serious Stapledon

A selection of s-f classics

Such are the vagaries of publishing that, while at least nine works by Olaf Stapledon have been either reprinted or published in the U.S. for the first time over the past decade or so, none are currently in print—although a search around the s-f sections of your local bookstores (new and used) may well turn up some titles, and public libraries will also be helpful.

***Darkness and the Light* (1942).** Westport, CT: Hyperion Press, 1974.

An "alternate universe" novel describing the future history of man in two worlds running parallel to our own, where the respective forces of "darkness" and "light" prevail.

***Far Future Calling: Uncollected Science Fiction and Fantasies*,** edited by Sam Moskowitz, Philadelphia: Oswald Train, 1979. An invaluable collection including five short stories, a lecture and a radio play adaptation of Stapledon's *Last and First Men*.

***The Flames: A Fantasy* (1947).** Relatively scarce, but well worth looking for, this late short novel is included in two American Stapledon collections—*Worlds of Wonder* (Los Angeles: Fantasy Publishing Co., 1949) and *To the End of Time* (Boston: Gregg Press, G.K. Hall & Co., 1975).

***Last and First Men: A Story of the Near and Far Future* (1930).** Essential Stapledon, published most recently in one volume with *Star Maker* by Dover (New York, 1968), in an abridged form in *To the End of Time* (see above entry), and in one volume with *Last Men in London* by Penguin (Baltimore, 1972).

***Last Men in London* (1932).** Not without interest for Stapledon fanatics, but novices should steer clear of this one. Reprinted in one volume with *Last and First Men* by Penguin (Baltimore, 1972).

***"Nebula Maker"* (posthumous).** An early version of *Star Maker* first published in England in 1976, interesting as a supplement to that book but not recommended as a substitute. Published in the U.S. by Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York, 1983).

***Odd John: A Story Between Jest and Earnest* (1935).** Along with *Sirius*, the most immediately affecting and "human" of Stapledon's novels, and an excellent introduction to his work. Reprinted in *The Portable Novels of Science*, edited by Donald A. Wollheim (New York: The Viking Press, 1945), *To the End of Time* (Boston: Gregg Press, G.K. Hall, 1974), and, a few years back, in one volume with *Sirius* by Dover. ***Sirius: A Fantasy of Love and Discord* (1944).** The most powerful of Stapledon's "intimate" novels, and by all counts one of the strangest love stories ever written. Reprinted by Penguin (Baltimore, 1964), in *To the End of Time* (see above entry), and, more recently, in one volume with *Odd John* by Dover.

***Star Maker* (1937).** According to Brian Aldiss, "the one great grey holy book of science fiction" and "almost unbearable." Reprinted in *To the End of Time* (Boston: Gregg Press, G.K. Hall, 1974) and in one volume with *Last and First Men* by Dover (New York, 1968).

—N.J.

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Crackdown

/ continued from page 71

been training agents from all over California and several other states. It'd been doing *training missions*. It turns out the Feds are using this area as a training ground for paramilitary types from all over California and Oregon—training them tactics for spotting and busting marijuana. It's pretty obvious that what they're hoping to do is start a grassfire here that will eventually spread all over the country. After all, they're growing marijuana commercially *everywhere* now, not just here."

"Legalize it," says the Sharecropper.

"Right on," says the Sharecropper's lady, still the old Berkeley firebrand. "It's the only answer."

Are they kidding? Do they know what legalization would mean for the price structure that's enabled them to do what they've done so far and end up here at this physical and karmic pinnacle of their lives?

"I think the majority of growers have always preferred that grass be legalized," says the Sinsemilla Farmer. "The minority, which I think is who they're mainly after, have been making a great deal of money because it's illegal. But that's maybe five or ten percent of the growers in the county. Even though there's just a few of them who are self-supporting, there's a lot of farmers like us who would have a hard time making it here any other way."

"But *everyone* right now would be willing to make a lot less than they've been making if it means getting to go on living here without having to be paranoid. I mean, we're people—we're homesteading, and the reason we moved here was to raise our families in a quiet, clean environment. That's not so out of the ordinary, is it?"

"It would be such a godsend if grass were legalized. You could take the unemployed people out of the cities and put them in the country and give them something to do that they could make a living at. Regulations could be written that would limit an individual to, say, no more than \$20,000 a year—or that would limit any one person to a certain number of plants. All you've got to do is figure out how much is consumed across the board and come up with the most number of people who can produce that, instead of the fewest number of people."

He sighs and slips back into the water. "But I suppose that would be anti-American."

The irony is that the Sinsemilla Farmer is in many ways the kind of self-made man that good American boys have always been encouraged to be. He's worked hard for his money and the security of his family, he's built his own version of a new-age, energy-efficient dwelling, he's established a successful organic farming operation, and he's plowed a great deal of his money and energy back into the community he lives in. What mainly marks him and keeps him apart from all the other successful burghers with master bedrooms throughout the state of California is that his cash crop—California's number-one cash crop—is, even now in 1985, still outlawed.

Ironically, the Sinsemilla Farmer is a self-made man in the American grain.

We pack it up the next morning and say goodbye to our friends and their two kids. The Farmer needs to do some things in town, so he takes his truck, and we follow him down the mountain—far enough behind him on the winding dirt road to avoid the heavier clouds of dust that his truck kicks up. By the time we've reached the valley floor, the morning fog is already burning off.

Two hours and forty miles of winding road later, we've parted ways with the Farmer and have arrived in Garberville. The town's nondescript main street is busy with all the everyday goings-on that you would expect to see in any town across America. Except that there is something heavy in the air.

We drop in on a real estate office to ask how business is doing. The recep-

tionist informs us that her boss prefers not to talk to us—and, when asked why, says that he refuses to talk to any media representative whatsoever. Apparently he was misquoted by somebody at some point, misunderstood and publicly embarrassed. We can only imagine some out-of-context snippet of this law-abiding citizen on prime-time boob-tube news, saying, "Some of my best customers are growers," or something to that effect. We respectfully take our leave.

The situation is much the same at the downtown feed store. "Don't want to talk to anybody." Everywhere we go we find guarded glances, glazed stares. We have the feeling that we've arrived at ground zero after the media bomb has hit, and the radioactivity of national attention is still intense. The last thing anybody wants is another good jolt.

We have an appointment, though, with the editor of the local newspaper, the Redwood Record, and we pick up the latest edition, along with the San Francisco Chronicle, to get a feel for what's going on at that level.

The headlines tell the story—the epicenter of the next big earthquake has been pinpointed at Parkfield, California, halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Elaborate exercises in L.A. in preparation for its next big 'quake come off like Keystone Kops confusion. The Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant, less than 100 miles away from Parkfield, and lying astride a major fault itself, has finally been licensed to go on-line, full-power. Off the pristine coastline of Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, oil "developers" have begun exploratory offshore drilling, using "air cannons," which have a deadly effect on marine life, and uncased wells with no blowout protection. In burned-out Marin County, cocaine rehabilitation clinics have become the fastest growing industry—blowout protection for those can afford it. And in San Francisco, at the Golden Gate, the Coast Guard has just nabbed a fishing boat packed with 31 tons of primo Thai weed.

Times are tough in California. □

The story you've just read is true; some names of people and places have been changed.

NEXT MONTH:

We talk with two leaders of the growing resistance: **Ron Sinoway**, Humboldt County attorney and NORML representative; and **Tony Serra**, San Francisco's revolutionary defense lawyer.

PARTING SHOT



Photo by Dave Patrick

● What better way to close our California issue than with this sublime view of the San Francisco skyline at dusk. Looks like even the moon has moved to California...

COMING IN SEPTEMBER

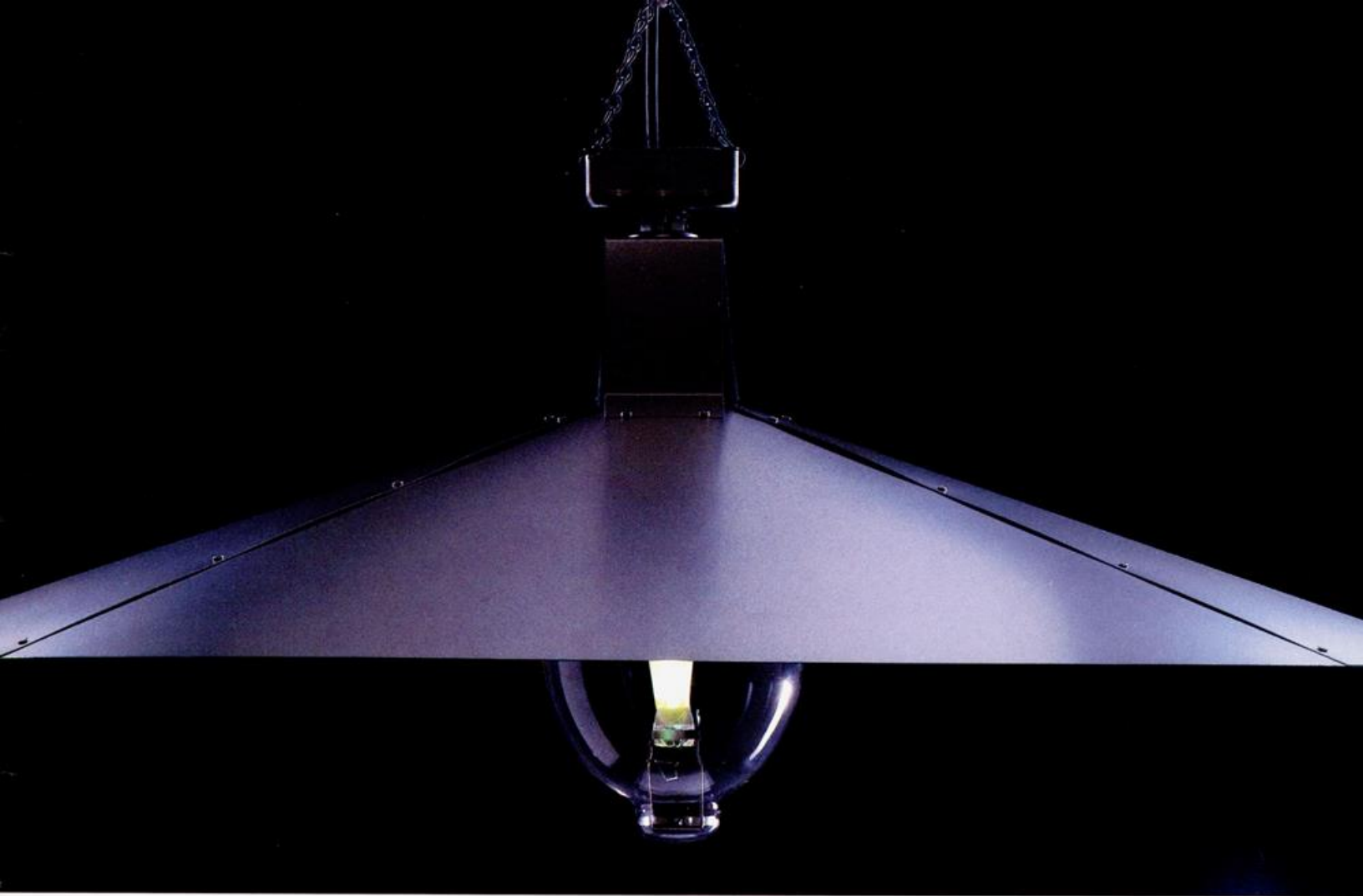
● **THE NARC WHO KNEW TOO MUCH:** Sante Barrio was a much-decorated DEA supernarc, responsible for many major undercover operations. Then the DEA turned on him, set him up for a dubious bust by a sleazy informer, and had him jailed on absurdly high bail. While in the slam, Barrio choked on a peanut butter sandwich, went into convulsions and died. Was he poisoned because he was ready to rip the lid off the DEA's slimepit of illegal activities? Startling new evidence sheds a harsh light on the strange life and mysterious death of Sante Barrio.

● **THE COUNTERCULTURE COUNSELOR:** San Francisco lawyer Tony Serra defends

dopers, dealers and radicals (often for free), smokes dope, refuses to pay taxes, wears rumpled clothes and a waist-length ponytail, calls himself a Marxist, and thinks the practice of drug law should be nothing less than a "religion." A mind-blowing interview with the attorney whom fellow dope lawyer Michael Stepanian called "the most important man in America."

● **HOW TO AVOID A BUST IN YOUR CAR:** You're rarely more vulnerable to a drug arrest than when you're driving an automobile. The simplest vehicle violation can turn into a legal nightmare if you run into a suspicious cop. Put the odds in your favor by reading this all-important article.

PLUS: The current cult of underground comix, the flood of books about 'Nam, and a visit to Woodstock, 16 years later.



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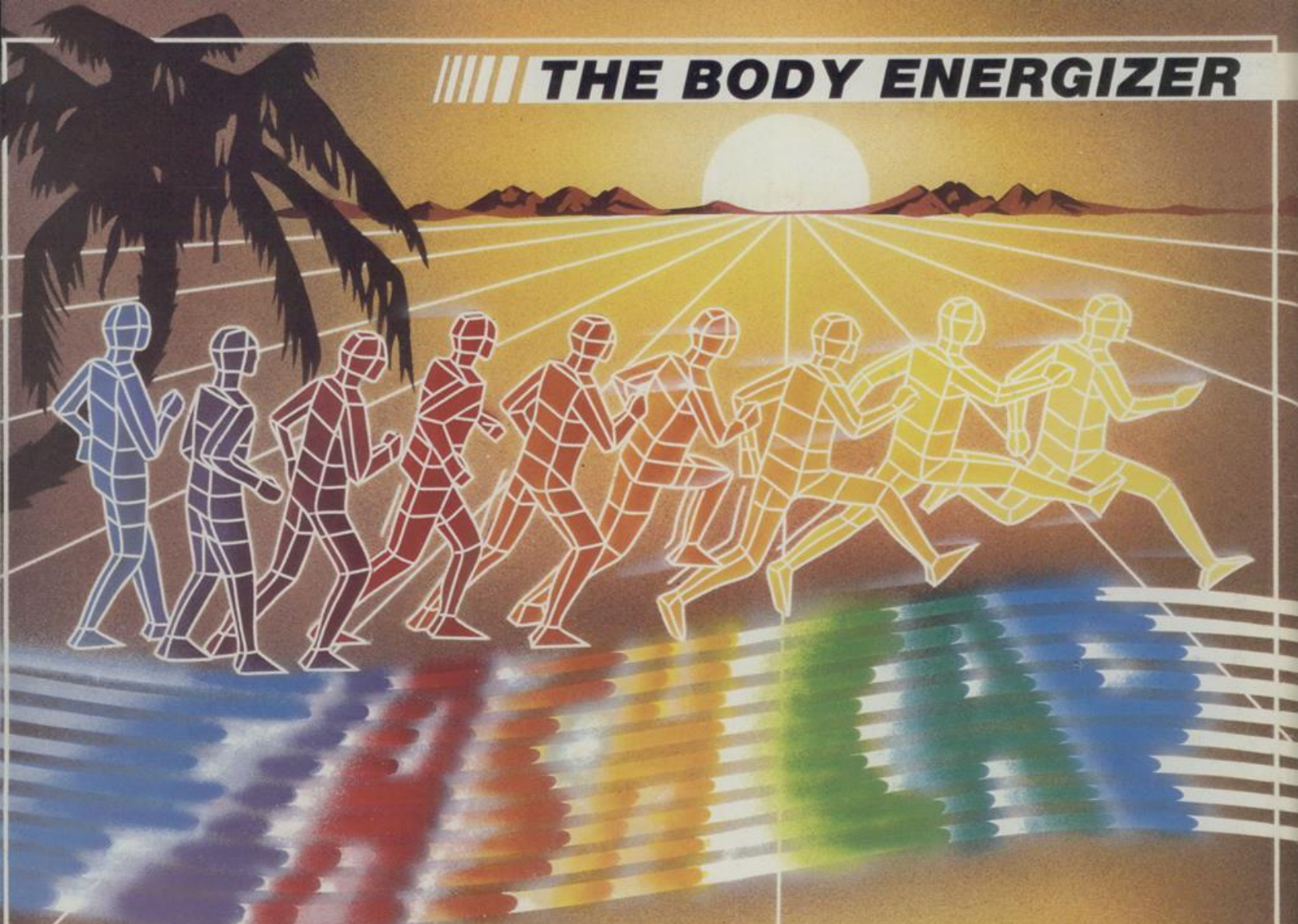


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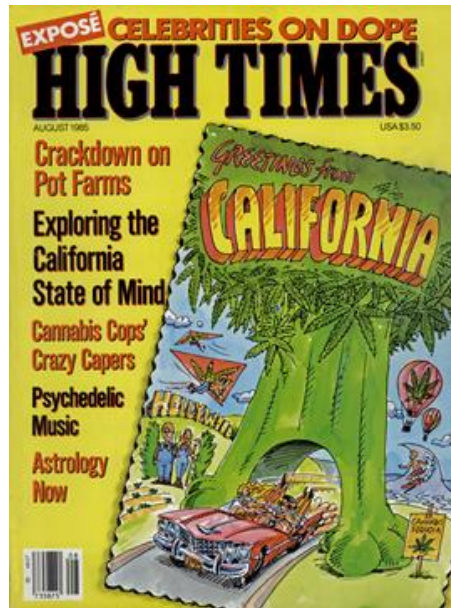
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